

THE ATHENÆUM



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ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



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SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY

By MEYRICK BOOTH, BSc. Ph.D. 1/- net, Post free 1/2

WE all build—those of us who do any building at all—upon the experiences of others. Upon the subject of Social Reconstruction we have all too little data to guide us, and, therefore, anything that would be likely to provide us with ideas in that direction should be examined carefully, whatever its source. Germany is at present a fruitful field for such inquiry owing to the special steps which have had to be taken by that nation to meet the War's exigencies.

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University College, Cardiff, July 10, 1919.

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Education Offices,
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A JOURNAL OF
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LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

THE ORGANIZATION OF ART

A WELCOME indication of the increasing attention which is being paid to art of all kinds is provided in the formation recently of a considerable number of Art Associations. It constitutes, in fact, a not unimportant aspect of the universal effort at reconstruction and improvement after four years of partial suspense of civilized life. And on their side the artists realize that they may succeed in doing by organization what they have hitherto largely failed to do singly and in isolation—to penetrate to the bigger public.

The following is a brief summary of the programmes of some of the more prominent of the new Associations.

The British Music Society has a twofold object: 1. The general promotion of music; 2. The promotion in particular of English music. It desires to "assert at home and abroad the importance of British music of all periods, and to secure more favourable conditions for the continued production and development of British music of the highest class." It proposes to establish Common Rooms with offices in all musical centres in the United Kingdom, to form lending libraries and Information Bureaux. Not least important among its aims is that to place music on an equal footing with English literature in the educational syllabus.

The Arts League of Service contemplates the inclusion of all the arts, pure and applied; but, at any rate at the outset, the League is concentrating on dramatic production and decorative art. "Because we are entering an age of co-operation, the artist must be asked to contribute his share to the plans for public buildings and the better housing of our population. For it is the artist, with his feeling for form, colour and design, who is best qualified to add beauty and cheerfulness to comfort and utility, and so to awaken the public to the possibilities of their environment." The League proposes to send lecturers and to hold exhibitions throughout the country,

and to get into touch with the local authorities, manufacturers, etc., with a view to securing commissions. The demand for War Memorials is providing the League with an excellent opportunity for launching its organization and putting it to the test. The League is also arranging for dramatic companies to tour the provincial towns and country villages.

The League of Arts for National and Civic Ceremony aims at "bringing art and public life into contact." It proposes that regular national festivals should be held in which the whole community would take part. "Artists, trade groups, the professions, civic authorities, all be called upon to contribute to the celebrations, which would not be mere spectacular display, but a real expression of the national will. Such ceremonies would take mostly the form of open-air pageantry."

The British Drama League has been formed for the encouragement of the arts of the Theatre, but it will not itself produce plays. Its objects are propagandist and advisory, and it will attempt to provide the various producing societies with a central co-ordinating support. It proposes to establish a Bureau for supplying information and assistance in regard to the choice of plays, the technical

problems of stage production, etc., to establish a fund for the assistance of approved societies, to publish a Magazine of the Theatre, and to organize lectures.

Noteworthy among the new societies for producing plays are the Everyman Theatre, the Art Theatre and the Lyric Opera-House, Hammersmith. These societies are to a certain extent competitors, but there is ample room for all. They are essentially non-commercial in motive, and they may each of them reveal individual and peculiar merits. But the larger Associations with the more general programmes, which have been summarized above, are for the most part not competitors. They either take up different arts or different branches of the same art. There is, however, no reason why they should not compete and have yet other competitors. It would ensure

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the encouragement of more than one point of view, and the duplication of work would be merely superficial.

Now there does exist one important rival Association; but it possesses, in a sense, an unfair advantage, for it is receiving State assistance. The British Institute of Industrial Art was recently formed by the Board of Trade "in conjunction with the Board of Education and the Victoria and Albert Museum authorities, with the advice of the Royal Society of Arts, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, the Art Workers' Guild and Design and Industries Association, with the object of raising and maintaining the standard of excellence in works of British Industrial Art and of stimulating the demand for such works as attain to a high standard of excellence." The Institute will hold a permanent exhibition in London, and will form a purchase fund to secure for the State specially approved works. It will also set up a Bureau of Information with a view to bringing manufacturers, designers and consumers into closer touch with one another.

The establishment of this Institute immediately provokes the question why there should not equally be State patronage of the pure arts and what form this patronage should take. If the State can successfully encourage Industrial Art by discovering and subsidizing works of "a high standard of excellence," it should also be able to do the same thing in respect of works of pure art.

The opponents of the project of a "Ministry of the Arts" always hold up the Academy as a warning, if not as a conclusive condemnation. They are not without justification. The best work in pictorial art of recent years has been produced outside, and in opposition to, the Academy. Moreover, the gradual decay which has also overcome the "secessionist" New English shows fairly clearly that no single society or committee can permanently embody the best judgment of contemporary art. The inference to be drawn is that centralization, either in the form of a bureaucracy or of an elected committee, is a mistake. There must be decentralization and freedom for the formation of any number of autonomous groups. There is a further objection to the Academy system: it is undemocratic. The people surrender their freedom of choice, they submit to the open or clandestine dictation of a few specialists. And it is better that we should choose ourselves and choose wrongly, than not choose at all.

Briefly, the principle of State assistance for Art is admirable if it can be operated without detriment to Art, and without strangling lay judgment and criticism. The machinery hitherto devised has not altogether satisfied these conditions. It is possible, however, that the numerous private Art Associations which are rapidly springing up may ultimately disclose some organization admitting of a central co-ordinating Ministry which will eschew the vices both of an academy and of a bureaucracy.

A. H. H.

UNTIL further notice the Official Guide (Mr. Leslie O. Faraker) will conduct visitors and lecture in the Exhibition of War Memorials at the Victoria and Albert Museum, at 3 p.m. daily.

THE DECAY OF ENGLISH

IT is commonly supposed that the man who talks of "journalese" refers to the viscous jargon which describes people as "hailing from Manchester," and calls a catchword "a slogan." But it is not the vocabulary of the reporter and sub-editor that is the real menace to our tongue. Dead metaphors are as ugly as most corpses, and as harmless. The stuffed bird, however objectionable to the bird-lover, is not bad taste in the bar-parlour: it is the stuffed bird in the study that infuriates. So we can pass over the lifeless metaphor in the morning's news without noticing it, but shudder to see it in a book of quality. Slang too, when it is spontaneous, has a particular liveliness of its own, and, kept in its place, does nobody any harm; and slang as a rule stays in its place, which is the headline and the gossip column. The English language is in no danger from the seductions of the *Taller's* "Eve," or the *Bystander's* "Blanche," for Eve and Blanche do not essay to write treatises on the soul of man or pamphlets on our present discontents. The peril does not come from flippancy and triviality and the popular craze for loquacious imbecility. It is the hidden hand of the leader-writer that we dread; it is when men begin to write in serious vein that they write so vilely. Not that they fall into slang, for slang does at least hit you in the eye; and that is something. But the publicist of to-day waves his arms in a wild frenzy of abstraction, and hits nothing at all. The reporter may be an earthy fellow, but that has its advantages, if he avoids being lost in the fog.

The modern leader-writer is placed, let us grant, in a most exasperating position. The hour of going to press becomes, for various reasons, continually more early, and thus articles on events of the day are written under greater pressure and strain. Furthermore, the buying and selling of daily papers for parties by industrial and political magnates renders the journalist's fate more wretched. He writes more than ever to orders, and those orders come in outline from the owner of the paper. But in these volcanic times opportunism ousts principle, and, policy being as unsettled as the world, it is the leader-writer's task to say just enough and never too much. The conciliation of interests and personalities drives him into the dangerous arts of compromise. This fact, coupled with the continuous spread of half-defined abstract ideas, muddies the stream of thought; and the result of muddy thought is muddy language. Our speech is loaded with -isms and -ologies, which may be harmless, perhaps really useful, in the hands of men who are prepared to define every term they use, but which are completely fatal to reason and clearness when ladled out in bucketfuls. In nearly all writing about political and social affairs the flow of thought is dammed by a cumbrously evasive phraseology. It is all hedging and hesitation. Who is not familiar with the article that begins: "We are disinclined to believe that a tendency towards Bolshevism [undefined] is commencing to manifest itself among some sections of the British working classes. Far be it from us to attempt to prescribe to the man in

the street the sphere and confines of his legitimate aspirations, but we feel it our duty to point out," etc. ? This is not slang: it is something far worse. It is mere evasion. How miserable are those "tendencies towards" and "disinclinations to believe"! It is they, not the stunts of subalternese, that are turning our gold into dross.

The objection arises that the journalist is not, after all, an important person: his work is purely ephemeral and his day is short. But, unfortunately, journalism is the apprenticeship of most men of letters. A man must live, and the writing of books is notoriously an unremunerative calling: accordingly he earns his bread and butter through the press, and makes authorship a spare-time occupation. It is not surprising that those who pass through the fire should come out singed, not strange that the muddy phraseology should stick to its user. When a man is given an hour or two to turn out something specious and acceptable on a subject of which he knows almost nothing—when, in fact, he accepts the rôle of professional sophist—he turns to ambiguity as a hungry man snatches food. There follows the studied moderation, the padding of sentences, the cult of the meaningless abstraction. And the resulting feebleness infects the entire health and strength of a once vigorous language.

The point is easily made plain if we turn back to the English political writers of the nineteenth century, let alone of earlier epochs. An admirable instance is to be found in the essays of Lord Macaulay. Macaulay was a typical Whig, a man of much sense and little sensibility, a drastic logician, a violent and often a pedantic critic. We pride ourselves nowadays on a finer quality of imagination, a greater susceptibility to delicate impressions. But, whether we agree with Macaulay or not, we do not close the book and wonder what it is all about. He says what he means, and he says it hard. A lucid virility is the essence of his style. Here at least is a clear bright flame of reason, not a muzzy glow. English Utilitarianism is out of fashion; our Hegelians and mystics pass it contemptuously by. We have yet something to learn from Utilitarian politics; after all, we are in no position to laugh. And we have still more to learn from the Utilitarian writing. It would be hard to find more agreeable English than the prose of Lord Morley and Sir Leslie Stephen. Here are clarity and strength well compounded, a stream never sluggish, yet never tossing in the rapids of verbosity. Morley's "*Voltaire*" is instinct with passion; yet there is not a vague phrase, nor an empty one. Every word plays its part, and every line has dignity.

Should one follow the English publicists still further back, the contrast is even more marked. What have we in these days to match Swift's "*Conduct of the Allies*"? Only Mr. Shaw, another Irishman, approaches Swift in power, and the secret of Mr. Shaw's power is his sincerity. Of Swift, in his full flight of passionate reasoning, it may be said, as of the clerk of Oxenford,

Not one word spak he more than was need;
All that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And short, and quyk, and ful of gret sentence.

There could be no finer description of a good prose style.

Direct writing is the counterpart of direct practice, and honesty in English prose vanishes with honesty in public life. The corruption of the eighteenth century was at least an open corruption: it never troubled to hide its ugly head, and there is less guilt in knavery when all are knaves confessed. But the corruption of to-day is a backstairs business that carries our minds to the freedmen of imperial Rome: all the dealing is done on the quiet, and bills are paid in jobs and honours rather than in hard cash. Statesmanship has yielded to Big Business, and the substitution of business men for statesmen means the substitution of opportunism for principle and policy. We live in the "wangler's" day of triumph, and are fed with "wangler's" English, a diet of cheap narcotics. Yet if our books are compact of studied nothingness, the public must accept its share of the blame. Never was truth more openly spurned. We run from it like children from a bogey, and crouch shivering beneath the skirts of Dora, there to be nursed with the drowsy syrups of the censorship. In a world where truth is dishonoured there may be cleverness of affectation and neat trickery of the tongue. But style is dead.

IVOR BROWN.

"IN ARTICULO . . ."

I.

Pain holds the gate. I pray you, hold the gate,
Good Pain, a little longer! Set your face
Still but a while against these troops that come
To make your mounted guard capitulate,
To overthrow you, and to force an end.
You—you alone!—keep me in sense. You brace
And rack into me courage, strength, and speech;
Think me still fit to scheme, fight, plan, beseech,
And heed the strenuous messages you send . . .
But they—think otherwise. They'll have me dumb,
At once deep-drugged, deep-drowned, amoeba-wise;
With stopped ears, mouth, and eyes.
I, that have still so many things to say,
Doors to unfasten, veils to tear away,
A pact to strike, a pardon to demand—
For God's sake! Make a stand!

II.

Pain leaves the gate. His gorgeous standards red
Dip, fade, like torches in a low-lit pool.
His flaming plume, a winking meteor, sets.
Now, all around, *they* are mustering in his stead,
The pale troops, by their paler Leader led,
The swordless legions who have broken his sword.
Never again shall he hold fast the gate,
Never again shall he keep watch and ward!
And *I*?—What talk was that of things to tell,
Reshape, resolve, amend, before farewell?
All's become nothing! Who need feel or think
Or keep remembrance of what God forgets?
All's become one, since these quiet ranks did close
On me with ruthless hands, so smooth and cool,
With soft implacable chains of opiate.

Now, unto them my soul, like water, flows.

They mix it with their wine.—I drink!—I sink!

G. M. HORT.

REVIEWS

THE ROMANTIC GENERATION,
IF IT EXISTED

CURRENTS AND EDDIES IN THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC GENERATION.
By Frederick E. Pierce, Assistant Professor of English in the
Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. (New Haven,
Conn., Yale University Press; London, Milford. 12s. 6d. net.)

TO anyone who is interested to know what a past generation liked, and why they liked it, a book of careful and intelligent scholarship such as Mr. Pierce's is instructive. It is illuminating to learn that the Great Foreign Dramatist of 1800 was—Kotzebue; that the Epics of Southey were confidently expected by educated men of letters to compete with those of—Milton and Klopstock; that Dante was altogether unacceptable in England until he was carried over by the strong wave of Ariosto, Boiardo and Pulci. Mr. Pierce's patient accumulation of little facts suggests many questions of general importance, and perhaps provides answers to some of the questions. It exhibits the Romantic Period as a period of intellectual chaos; it leads us to speculate whether the age, as an age, can ever exert much influence upon any age to come; and it provokes the suspicion that our own age may be similarly chaotic and ineffectual.

The period 1788-1832 was a period hungry for novelty; and its hunger exceeded its strength of digestion. When we remember the Ossianic (or eo-Celtic) bubble, the Rowley poems, the "Castle of Otranto," we must put the date earlier. The latter part of the eighteenth century was a period of intellectual and emotional debility: what we mean by the phrase "eighteenth century" is really a synopsis of the best in literature, art and society for a hundred years. The food of 1790 was the sonnets of Charlotte Smith, the sonnets of Coleridge's "divine Bowles"; Cowper's "Task"; the "Louisa" of Anne Seward, the Swan of Lichfield. To a public ignorant of other provender than this, the feeblest emotion, when it appeared, might seem strong, and the falsest emotion might seem genuine. But the sentiment of the eighteenth century continued; and as we pass from Ann Radcliffe and Rogers to Moore and to Byron's early romances there is no interruption of feeling. In the work of Rogers we find the link connecting the pernicious sentiment of the eighteenth with that of the nineteenth century; connecting Grey and Goldsmith with Byron:

the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower . . .
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded Julia to the shore . . .
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour? . . .

Such lines recall either "Childe Harold" or the "Country Churchyard." At the end of the eighteenth century there were already several distinct groups of *litterati*: there was the Scotch group, with Edinburgh as its capital, and Scott soon to be its head; there was the Holland House or fashionable-literary group; and there was the Cottle group in Bristol, consisting of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth. The Scotch group was antiquarian, and collected Border Ballads; it continued, with greater accuracy, the mediævalism of Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe. The Holland House group, gathered about Lord Holland and Charles Fox, was urban; it managed to combine the tradition of Pope with the mediæval, the Werther melancholic, and the Near East romantic; it was also neo-classic, and its Laureate Rogers imitated the Parthenon frieze around his staircase. It probably provided the best conversation. The Bristol group is defined in its interests by the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads"; it read Rousseau,

was excited by the French Revolution; admired Schiller and Goethe, Herder, Bürger and Klopstock. Through Southey it was also in contact with Taylor of Norwich (mentioned in "Lavengro"), the great popularizer of German literature.

These three groups comprise nearly everybody of importance up to about 1815. In none of them is there enough to mark a revolution from the later eighteenth century—neither the earlier Scott nor the earlier Byron (who may be associated loosely with the Holland House group); and the only figure of continuing influence is Wordsworth. After 1815 a new group—London, middle-class, but reaching toward Italy—appears around Leigh Hunt. There for the first time were musicians; also painters, though no better than Haydon and Severn; there were Hazlitt, Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Cowden Clarke, even Peacock. They inhabited Hampstead and Highgate; they admired the Elgin marbles; they listened at the Portuguese Chapel to Mozart and the Gregorian chants. They were the first to part company from the eighteenth century; and they did it less by their avowed rejection of Pope than by their genuine if uncritical admiration for the Elizabethans. Keats, for instance, may appear to us, and in contrast to the Elizabethans, sentimental; but the sentimentality of "Isabella" or "St. Agnes" is not a pure descendant from the eighteenth century. Neither the "Lyrical Ballads" nor the romances of Moore and Byron nor the Epics of Southey are wholly alien to the eighteenth century. But Keats and the later Shelley were at least different.

And yet this was not a period; or two periods. Not that it was deficient either in feeling or in brains. It produced the "Cenci," and it produced that wakeful and wasteful mind of Coleridge which wasted its metaphysical sleep on Highgate Hill. But we cannot overlook the fact that four of the greatest minds—great in different degrees and kinds—remained apart from the general ideas of the time, and shared little or not at all in the time's approval. Crabbe, Blake, Landor and Jane Austen are precisely the spirits who should have guided and informed the period of transition from the eighteenth century; they all preserved the best formal or intellectual tradition of that century, and they are all not only original but unique. But the generation after 1830 preferred to form itself upon a decadence, though a decadence of genius: Wordsworth; and upon an immaturity, though an immaturity of genius: Keats and Shelley; and the development of English literature was retarded.

The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

Moreover, with all the activity of groups that Mr. Pierce skilfully displays to us, the Romantic Generation in England attained no unity of temper in any sympathy of society and art, and no unity of expression in any individual. The minds most worthy to exercise influence remained apart; the younger men of letters circulated among each other in the suburbs, with no better or stronger living influence upon them than Leigh Hunt; and Holland House, after some of the best men, whom it had not known, were dead, still went on talking to itself. The years 1790-1830 leave us no distinct social character; and for an individual who resumes in himself all of the time's moods and ideas we have to go to another country. Whatever our opinion of Goethe's permanence as an artist, there is no doubt whatever about his permanence as a representative, as the articulate voice of forty years. Goethe's mind was an exceptionally sensitive collector of vibrations; there was no influence throughout those years that it did not register and absorb. Perhaps minds like his, because of their omnivorous digestion, lack something of intensity and fineness; and possibly it is the Goethe of the Conversations with Eckermann who will survive the longest. But in

Germany, through Goethe and some of Schumann's music, the Romantic Movement (I mean the Romantic Movement of these years, and not Romanticism in general) achieves the dignity of a phase in the changing personality of history. It is something, for instance, to have expressed the romantic "Drang nach Italien" of those years in a single poem:

Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn. . .

Goethe was a conscious romanticist, *aware* of the period as none of the Englishmen was aware of it; and even though he had sometimes to make himself ridiculous, he knew what he was after, in "Werther" and "Wilhelm Meister," in "Iphigenie," in "Faust," in his studies in natural history, his speculations on colour, his (rather bad) art criticism, and everywhere. What we miss in the English men of letters whom Mr. Pierce exposes is the completely awakened intelligence, the consciousness of their own time, which we find in Goethe; of which we find traces in Byron only.

As for Mr. Pierce's book, it is a valuable and scholarly work which deserves praise.

T. S. E.

THALATTA, THALATTA

FOUR-FIFTY MILES TO FREEDOM. By Captain M. A. B. Johnston, R.G.A., and Captain K. D. Yearsley, R.E. (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net.)

YOZGAD nestles in the hollow of a long, narrow valley in the heart of Anatolia, vaguely recalling in its less rugged hills something of the Duke's country—

—the very base

Of the mountain, where, at a funeral pace,

Round about, solemn and slow . . .

Up and up the pine-trees go,

So, like black priests up, and so

Down the other side again

To another greater, wilder country.

On the top of the southern ridge is a thin belt of firs, which it were inapt to describe as climbing the slopes, but from such a watch-tower can be seen on the other side, beneath the traveller's feet, a great, wild country of rolling downlands bubbling with springs, of little hamlets sending up wisps of smoke to the skies at dawn when the goodwives bake the daily bread, of distant purpling mountains. Hidden in a fold in this broad dale lies Erkekli, typical of fourscore villages of these uplands, where a line of graceful poplars, rising like slender columns of some ruined temple, fringes the brook. There's the setting for the first scene of the drama, with a handful of gallant English prisoners as the heroes, confined in Yozgad, using their brains as well as their muscles to escape, and winning through to the sea after long privations and weariness, by sheer dogged perseverance and pluck.

Behind them lies the record of the defence of sordid Kut; after its surrender it was the wretched little pinchbeck Napoleon, the popinjay Enver, who had told them at Mosul that they were "the honoured guests of Turkey." They know—none better—how our rank and file had been separated from the officers after Kut fell; how some pretence at "window-dressing" was made by the Turks, angling for the admiration of the world at the civilization of the victors in putting the officer-prisoners into carriages *en route* for Baghdad; and how sixty-five in every hundred of the British soldiers taken at Kut died in captivity. One day we hope to see their full story of the surrender; the treatment of the Kut garrison at Turkish hands will make English blood boil for many a long day, and the eternal, reiterated catchword of the Young Turk, "Moi, je suis civilisé," aforesaid pathetic in its pithecoïd conceit, is now an offence. Nay, it has even been relinquished by Ferid Pasha for the present, in his apologia of Turkish innocence in the war for the Peace Delegation: "When the truth has once been revealed," says he, "it will warn

civilized nations and posterity against passing an unjust judgment on us." Please observe, he does not say *other* civilized nations; he no longer maintains the fiction of *civilisés*, for the tenor of the new cry is to be *incompris jusqu'à la fin*.

Truly the chief escapers might be allowed to say, with the Vicar in an excellent play by Mr. Carton, "My temper is what a long succession of curates has made it," substituting the Turkish commandants of their durance as the cause. Tewfik Bey would lay bets on the end of the war, and, of course, as each date came round, never pay; Sami Bey refused their request to toboggan in winter, because, forsooth, the regulations did not mention the word. It was the latter, a brigadier-general, who described the path of Big Bertha's shell as going through St. Quentin, Douai, then to a Channel port, and *via* Amiens to Paris: it was the former who arrested a captive English major for *lèse majesté* in laughing at a Turkish fire-engine, a double handpump on a litter such as was used in England in the time of the Stewarts. These and suchlike are the villains of the play.

How these Turkish magnificoes were outwitted is told with simplicity and modesty, and the adventures of the Englishmen—undaunted by thirst, hunger, blows or fear of bullets—rise in a gradual crescendo. The story is like one of those Books for Boys with a happy ending: how during their four months of captivity at Yozgad they trained themselves for all hardships, made every conceivable preparation in food, fashioned a practical compass, and by good luck bought a pair of field-glasses. Then when the night of the 7th of August came—as the authors say, the flag fell—by 9 o'clock the last stones were cleared from the hole in the wall which had been so carefully hidden, the dummies were artistically disposed in the conspirators' beds, and then—Freedom!

How they wandered for the next five weeks over country unknown to them, except from a poor and antiquated map, lying hidden usually by day and trending southwards by night, is an Odyssey. Heat and lack of water were their worst foes; the apathy of the Anatolian villagers, who are perhaps as thickwitted as any bumpkins in the world, usually allowed them to save themselves, if observed. Once a greedy shepherd discovered them and mulcted them of large bribes, and then introduced them to another whose maw had also to be satisfied; this inharmonic progression would have gone on had they not fallen out of their ravenous clutches into the hands of two gendarmes. These had elements of the sportsman about them; for when they too had filled their pockets from the fugitives' store, they dismissed them with a valediction to go free on their way. Let us hope that the new-comers availed themselves of their official position to provide themselves with a war loan from the persons of the treacherous shepherds.

At last, after vicissitudes enough to provide a new "Anabasis," they struggle to the sea and "hear the lapping of the waves and smell the sea-weed after nearly four years." Notwithstanding the danger of Turkish sentries, they discover a boat, but their repeated attempts to get rid of the anchor—the story reads like a nightmare—fail, and the depression of final defeat sets in. It is then that the dramatic climax occurs—the *machina ex deis*—the chug-chug of a distant motor-boat flying the German and Turkish flags, which comes up out of the blue and disappears up a creek.

How one of them swam round the creek, stole a rowing boat, and then, with his friends, took the motor-boat itself, which bore them off safely to Cyprus, shall be left to the reader. Sam Weller's "I wish them horses had been three months and better in the Fleet . . . How they would go if they had been!" barely expresses the emphasis demanded by these exploits.

JUNGLE-FOLK AND TIGERS

INDO-CHINA AND ITS PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. By Captain Henry Baudesson. Translated by E. Appleby Holt. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

CAPTAIN BAUDESSEON has been engaged in survey work in French Indo-China, and for years has lived among the natives on terms of the greatest familiarity. Thus he and the friends on whose observations he freely draws can at least claim to have obtained their anthropological knowledge at first hand. Unfortunately our author, as he frankly confesses, has seen fit in the present work to keep the scientific side of his researches in the background. No doubt we must be thankful for what we get. But the English reader in his practical way will ask for facts—hard facts stated in all their detail, together with an account of the circumstances and manner of their discovery sufficient to establish their value as evidence. It is possible, indeed, that in this country, thanks to the recent progress of ethnographic studies, the public at large has come to demand a higher degree of exactness in a book of travels than is required by our brilliant neighbours, the French. As it is, this sheaf of impressions is stimulating rather than solidly instructive, and, apart from the very real pleasure that it affords, is likely to prove helpful mainly as providing an introduction to the authorities cited in the useful bibliography appended.

The author deals with two groups, the Moï and the more civilized Cham, but chiefly with the former. The Moï, however, represent not so much a group as a complex of peoples. This is revealed by the diversity of their dialects, which belong variously to the Austronesian, Kmer, and Tibeto-Burman families of speech. The physical type of these hill-tribes, on the other hand—if one can rely on the somewhat casual allusions made to this subject—is uniform, being of the long-headed kind that is characteristic of all branches of the so-called Indonesian race. Meanwhile, no attempt is made to distinguish the particular ethnic ingredients in this mass of some 400,000 souls; and such a want of precision is in itself enough to vitiate almost wholly the scientific value of the impressions recorded, since they amount to no more than composite photographs in which individual features cannot be traced. More intensive observation is needed, such as we get, for instance, in that admirable series of monographs issued by the Government of Eastern Bengal which describes the kindred hill-folk of Assam.

The social organization of the Moï is noticed by our author, yet in so sketchy a way that we cannot be sure about what he knows or wishes to convey. Thus he terms them endogamous, but possibly means no more than that each tribe or local group forms an intermarrying whole with exogamous subdivisions. In any case, an analysis of the system of relationships, such as must precede any attempt to unravel the intricacies of a primitive matrimonial system, is not provided. Descent appears to be reckoned matrilineally, and what is known as matrilocal marriage evidently exists, at any rate as an occasional and temporary arrangement. Thus we read:

A woman's commercial value depends on her age and social condition, and varies also in different localities. In most cases she is paid for in instalments to her parents, for the future husband is too poor to give the presents which constitute the purchase price, and his only resource is to sell his labour to pay off the debt. Accordingly there is a stage more or less prolonged during which the young man combines wooing and the duties of maid-of-all-work in the home of his beloved. No arrangement could be happier in this country, where labour is scarce.

The custom is known as "the goat's marriage"; for in that part of the world it is customary to lead the he-goat to the she-goat, whereas the cow goes to the bull. The author goes on to state that "the penalty of adultery is renowned for its severity"; but in the absence of

details we are left wondering whether, so long as the matrilocal condition is maintained, the erring wife is at the mercy of the husband. It may be that the marriage is not accounted binding until separation from the wife's people has occurred; for it is not likely that these would allow the stranger within their gate to wreak vengeance with impunity on a member of the family. Such matters of nice observation, however, lie outside the purview of this book.

A great deal is said about the magico-religious beliefs and practices of the Moï, but little that is of first-rate anthropological interest. The cardinal notion of their theology is rendered by the word *pi*. We are told that it "roughly denotes the idea of supernatural action," and corresponds to the *mana* of the Pacific region. Elsewhere, however, we read that the Moï attribute disease and death to "the presence of malevolent spirits, the *Pi*." Surely our author, who claims to have studied the works of Professor van Gennep, has learned from him that dynamism and animism stand for separate attitudes of mind which even the vagueness of savage categories does not recklessly confound. He is in happier vein when he accepts the same Professor's distinction between totemism and theriolatry or the worship of animals in general, and does not, after the fashion of many popular writers, descry a totem in every tale of a cock and a bull. Most valuable of all, perhaps, is his account of the superstitious awe in which the tiger is held. Captain Baudesson and his friends were, indeed, forced by circumstances to take a great interest—practical as well as speculative—in the monarch and pest of the jungle. When attacked, however, they did their best to destroy him. Not so the native, whose pacifist policy towards tigers, if highly creditable to his sentiments, is by no means pragmatically a success.

A tiger had fallen into a pit which had been laid for some deer. It had not been wounded, but the space was so cramped that it was quite unable to move. The natives were terrified lest it should die, in which case its spirit would never cease to molest them; so they decided to set it free. They made a cage without a floor, lowered it into the pit, and then raised it again by means of ropes passed under the creature. Perched on the neighbouring trees, they pulled away the prison and let the captive go, offering it their humble apologies for having already detained it so long!

Meanwhile, these pages are strewn with dreadful stories of natives destroyed without apology by tigers. We have, moreover, the queer tale of M. Millet, a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, and neither weak nor superstitious. He was awakened one night by the hunting-cry of a tiger close by his hut. He rushed out rifle in hand, fired point blank into the darkness, and heard a large animal tear away through the bushes. The ground was wet; yet in the morning, though his own tracks were visible, not a footprint of any tiger could be found. The Moï said that clearly it was a spirit-tiger. What our author thinks about it is hard to make out, but he refers to the "hallucination" of his friend, while the general context is the sorcerer's power of killing men by suggestion.

At this point we must bid adieu to Captain Baudesson, without taking stock of his notes on the Mohammedanized Cham of the province of Binh-Thuan in Annam, the last survivors of a once flourishing empire. Suffice it to say that, slight as they are, they whet the appetite for more, and serve to direct the reader's attention to fuller investigations, such as notably those of MM. Aymonier and Cabaton. Now we have not hesitated to say that a treatment so superficial, and lacking the aid of maps or even of an index, is from the scientific point of view of little value. But Captain Baudesson is good company, being always intelligent, candid, and full of charm; and if one does not expect from it too much, this is in its way a good book.

THE GREEK ANALOGY

ARISTOPHANES AND THE WAR PARTY. By Gilbert Murray. The Creighton Lecture, 1918. (Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)

ATHERNS had organized her Empire on a system more enlightened than many which have lasted long enough to win the praise of the historians, who tend to judge by what they call "results." She was governing (and taxing) her "allies" not too oppressively. She had abandoned, under pressure of fortunate reverses, her unsound ambition to be mistress of the mainland as well as of the sea, and had apparently resigned herself to share hegemony in Greece with the alliance of which Sparta was symbolically, if not effectively, the leader. She had adorned, and was still adorning, her city with those temples and those monuments of plastic art which still command the reverent wonder of old-fashioned people, and win a certain admiration even from those youngsters who are simple enough to think that beauty has her place in art. Her great experiment towards democracy at least was undertaken with the knowledge that success depended on the education of her citizens, not only in "efficiency," but also in restraint and generosity, and on a high conception of the dignity and possibilities of human life, ennobled and adorned by beauty, wit, intelligence, and above all by liberty.

War changed all that. But Athenian "lovers of the city" were at first inspired to fight for her because they thought they must preserve their mistress for the fulfilment of her generous mission. That is why Thucydides made the Funeral Oration of Athens's last great statesman the preface to his story of the grinding agony in which the lovely city lost her youth, her fresh political intelligence, much of her tolerance, her loyalty, her efficiency, and something even of her courage. For Thucydides, Professor Murray tells us, the thing so praised in the great Funeral Speech was indeed already dead.

The dream of a regenerated life for mankind has vanished out of the future, and he rebuilds it in his memory of the past. The Peloponnesian War had ended wrong; and whatever the end might have been, it had already wrecked Hellas.

In part we must agree, but only in part. When Socrates was murdered by the abuse of those same institutions without which such a life as that of Socrates would never have been possible, the seeds of intellectual virtue and of the speculative imagination had been sown, and their harvest was made only more certain by his death. And even in the war which ruined her, Athens found energy for a spiritual achievement which is still an inspiration to those who care for beauty and intelligence, and who think (or even only want to think) that human effort can succeed in making human life not merely tolerable, but worth while. Throughout the war, in which her whole community was devastated by the plague—in which, year after year, armies and fleets were raised, dispatched, and too often did not return; when her young men were, as Professor Murray puts it, "being killed out"; when food grew scarce, and nerves were frayed, and treachery was suspected—it is not wonderful that superstition raised its head, suggesting mad fears and mad hopes and bloody passions; but it is wonderful that Socrates was left alive for several years after the great catastrophe. It is not wonderful that political ideals were lost, and that men so suffering were guilty of the crime of Melos; but it is wonderful that the same mob which one day voted Cleon authority to do "justice" on the men of Mytilene, the next day listened to the plea of Diopithes for revision of the sentence. It is not wonderful that the war killed poetry. The death of Attic Tragedy, the lingering decay of Attic Comedy, from which free speech and free imagination had at last been banished, are not surprising. But it is

wonderful, and it is worth our pondering, that throughout the war the Attic Festivals continued to bear witness to the fact that Athens cared for other things than food and war munitions. And it is very well worth our attention that throughout the war Euripides was criticizing the conventional religion and morality, and was challenging conventional patriotism itself, before the sovereign people as part of a religious festival, and was commissioned, helped, rewarded for his services by the sovereign people and its officers. Towards the end, it is true, Euripides retired to Macedonia; but Sophocles and his Athenian chorus put on mourning for his death. And indeed the venerated Sophocles, whose patriotism no man questioned, did not serve Athens by producing patriotic propaganda, but by such subtle and humane and beautiful performances as, for instance, the "Philoctetes." For Sophocles, Euripides and Socrates were all, in their own different ways, contributing, even while war destroyed the decency and the humanity of Athens, to the creation of a new ideal of human dignity, a new conception of human values, in which intelligence and simple kindness count for more than any of the things for which the war-makers (and most treaty-makers) sweat and wrangle, and are ready to give their souls. The heroic art of Sophocles, the realistic intimate analysis of Euripides, the Socratic irony and zest for truth, were the gift which Athens made us in the years when Athens was herself in agony.

But the greatest marvel is, after all, Aristophanes—not merely for his genius, but for the scope which Athens gave him. He railed, in time of war, not only, and not chiefly, at the enemy, but at his fellow-citizens; not only at the cranks—Euripides or Socrates—but at the generals, the politicians, and the patriots. "If you can," says Professor Murray, "with impunity refer to the leading statesman of the day as 'a whale that keeps a public-house and has a voice like a pig on fire,' you are somewhat debarred from denouncing the rigours of the censorship."

That puts the case too mildly. Aristophanes not only could denounce the popular and patriotic statesman: he could also represent the sovereign people as a stupid and irascible old muddler, ready to be the dupe of any rascal who would grossly flatter him and give him something good to eat. He could plead for peace and a united Hellas on the public stage before the audience which would still vote for the prosecution of the war.

Professor Murray finds many curious parallels between the life of ancient Athens in war-time and our own recent home experience. Some of his illustrations are familiar; others show what fresh light our new troubles throw on the ancient documents. As regards the larger issues, he begins by saying that "of course" the parallels must only be allowed "to amuse our reflections, not to distort our judgments." Perhaps he is too cautious, too anxious not to shock his hearers. Of course it is absurd to look for modern parallels to Cleon, Nicias, and Alcibiades, and absurd to draw unguarded inferences from the "democratic" Athens, which was really a slave-owning aristocracy of talent, to the "democratic" England, which is really—a plutocracy?—a medley of conservatism and trade-unionism, of bureaucracy, and of parliamentary government, representative, unrepresentative. And yet Thucydides is worth a modern statesman's study. He thought his work would prove not only "amusing," but also "useful"—to those who want to know the truth not only about the Peloponnesian War, but also about the "similar events" which, as he thought, were likely, in all human probability, sooner or later to occur. But the condition of such usefulness—in the interpreter, as in the writer—is hard thinking and stern logic. Sometimes, when Professor Murray talks about Athenian "moderates," Athenina

advocates of "peace by negotiation," or describes the Athenian conflict as "a struggle between the principles of democracy and military monarchy," he seems to falsify the ancient picture for the sake of a suggestion of the merits of our own Asquithians. But we can forgive him much because he hates oppression, and, in spite of vagueness, always stands for kindness and goodwill. Moreover, as the lecture was delivered just before the armistice, not six months after, we reflect that if the speech had now to be made again, the speaker would quite possibly tell a somewhat different story, and perhaps would even feel he had to point a somewhat different moral.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

PHILOSOPHY AND EDIFICATION

SELF AND NEIGHBOUR: AN ETHICAL STUDY. By Edward W. Hirst. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

IT is not often that the constructive part of a philosophical book appears distinctly better than the critical. In Mr. Hirst's work this refreshing novelty arises from a less surprising characteristic: that while we agree with his general conclusion, there is much in the argument on which he bases it to provoke exception. And one of the reasons that make philosophy a more exacting pursuit than politics is that the very value we attach to a conclusion makes us scrupulously jealous for the sureness of its foundation. The main object of the book is to demonstrate and work out in detail the ethical theory that man's duty and happiness are identical, and can be summarized in the Christian formula of loving one's neighbour as oneself, with the metaphysical corollary that the possibility of this depends upon our brotherhood as children of a loving and lovable God. "Apart from the love of God the love of man lacks both basis and inspiration." A somewhat fanciful excrescence of this main thesis is the attempt to recommend it by a psychophysiological argument basing the value of love upon the parental or protective instinct. The importance of this is not clear, since the author admits the equally primitive and enduring instincts of rapacity; it seems to neglect the no less important element of loyalty and reverence to those whom we recognize as our superiors, and it leads to some loose and inflated phrases caught from pseudo-scientific writers:

The mental phenomena of the individual continually reveal social implicates.

Perceptual disposition functions as a unit with the rest of the intuitive experience.

We therefore find this principle of interaction to obtain at every stage of reality. Physics, chemistry, biology all testify to the existence in some manner of the principle. The relations between men illustrate the same principle in a transcendent form. Human society is not Organic but Super-organic. Working on the lines of analogy, we should expect that the life of God would present the supreme instance of interaction.

These are not isolated examples, yet they are not the sort of stuff that comes naturally from the writer. Is the last any better than the old argument that there must be four gospels because there are four winds and four seasons? A more intrinsic fault is a certain facility, common to optimistic writers, with which some of the darker traits of nature and humanity are minimized. It is constantly pointed out that, "were there no selfishness, there would be no injustice . . . such poisons as alcohol and syphilis . . . a state of world-wide love would preclude war of any and every kind," and that "selfishness must be assumed to be impossible in a brotherhood."

Now, on the one hand, a humanity in which there is absolutely no injustice, no temptation to sexual

or gluttonous excess, no inclination to prefer family to cosmopolitan interests, is simply unthinkable; in a world of gods morality would have ceased. This union is to be based, "not on the attractions of sex or friendship, nor on the appeal of suffering to compassion, but on the objective and universal ground of man's fellowship with man." So it would be after all a watery friendship, supreme perhaps by right, but not by intensity, over closer sympathies.

And on the other hand, even postulating this impossible perfection, the pains of disease and the sorrows of age and of weariness both in ourselves and others would persist; the very widening of our sympathies would increase our sensibility, and we could no longer ignore a Chinese pestilence in our own children's health.

We think it would have been wiser to follow the Christian solution of the problem of evil still more boldly and to recognize with Dostoevsky that "though there is a great deal of love and almost Christ-like love in mankind, yet the face of a man often hinders many men from loving him."

There is nothing more striking in Kant than his vindication of duty in spite of the invincible badness of human nature; and Mr. Hirst's depreciation of Kant is somewhat remarkable. He has not kept clear the distinction between a theory of the essence of morality, where the interest is purely intellectual, and which must—though Kant sometimes forgot this—be purely formal, and the delineation of the human ideal which must in the main be edifying. He has accordingly fallen into the pre-Kantian error of attempting first to define our "end," and then to deduce from it our obligation, so that in some passages he might almost be mistaken for a "sympathetic" hedonist. "It is the duty of the individual to promote the good of society because to do so is to promote his own." It is symptomatic of such an attitude that the word "good" appears on almost every page, but "right" only a few times in the book.

Again, the attempted generalization of all our duties, in every complexity of circumstance, as the promotion of love in the world, seems little more accurate than to generalize it as the promotion of happiness. Justice, candour, the pursuit of truth manifestly resist the solution. As Mr. Hirst in one place admits, particular obligations are presupposed. And this leads to what is obviously the crucial point of his system. Can "love," if it be the sole good, provide any concrete content for right action? What are we to do for those we love except make them love us, and what will their loving us consist in except in making us make them—to infinity? Mr. Hirst faces the problem boldly, but not with complete success:

No solution of the ethical problem can be secured if even such things as knowledge, art or pleasure be regarded as components or ingredients of "the good."

"Love has intrinsic value, but is related to things that have not intrinsic value"; and to these it is said to lend a subordinate value when they become its vehicle. Now it is quite possible to agree that love is the best thing we know, and that truth and beauty gain immensely in value by being sympathetically shared, and yet to hold that to deny any worth in experiences of truth and beauty where no conscious love of our fellows is present is simply to misrepresent experience. Not the only quality a parent would foster in children is their mutual love. Is the author telling us the truth, or only trying to make us charitable?

Incidentally somewhere Mr. Hirst remarks that "there are canons of art." It is much to be wished that he had told us what they are.

Nevertheless this is an attractive book which provokes thought and discussion.

E. F. C.

TRUTHFULNESS

TRUTH: AN ESSAY IN MORAL RECONSTRUCTION. By Sir Charles Walston. (Cambridge, University Press. 5s. net.)

SIR CHARLES WALSTON notes, as one of the characteristics of this age, its detestation of platitudes. Knowing this, it may be counted an act of courage on his part to produce a book that seems wholly composed of them. But Sir Charles also realizes that platitudes are sometimes both true and important, and that a firm insistence upon them is often a help to clear thinking. As a useful exercise in moral discipline this book should be read, although, perverted as we have become through those writers of merely entertaining paradox so justly condemned by Sir Charles, we may find it hard to read. He knows our weakness, he has experienced our incurable lack of attention. As he says:

How rare it is to find a good listener . . . Watch their faces, examine their eyes, and you will meet with no sign of attention, no effort to grasp what is being said to them. Most people we meet have preoccupied eyes. It is above all in children that we meet with that pure, direct look which goes out from them to the person or the thing they are endeavouring to understand . . .

But although we feel we know, almost to weariness, most of what Sir Charles has to say, we readily grant that it is very desirable that this knowledge should be acted on. We know that we often form judgments on insufficient evidence, that we excuse humorous exaggerations in other people, thereby lowering the national standard of truthfulness, and that the State should be pure and truthful, whereas "modern politics, even in the most democratic States, does not always confirm and support such principles and beliefs." We know all this, but what are we to do? During the war endeavours to discover and proclaim the truth usually led to imprisonment, and it is not even yet a line of conduct free from risk. We should like to see a world in which politicians were truthful, but, in this world, how long would they remain politicians? Sir Charles has a *penchant* for truthfulness, but how many people share it? In his first chapter he tries to show that truthfulness was once an English tradition. We are sorry that we cannot agree with him. To borrow G. K. Chesterton's test, how could the party system flourish in a country seriously concerned about the truth? Besides, the truth is not so easy to find, and, in raw minds, a fancied truth may lead to very grave consequences. Sir Charles states on his fly-leaf that: "Truth is one of the greatest material assets in the life of a nation and must be directly guarded and developed as are Life and Property." But we have seen that the "unsound" elements amongst the masses, acting on a few fancied truths about our social order, are actually blaspheming against the sacredness of property itself. The two things do not seem, necessarily, to go together.

Sir Charles finds that the journalist is the chief cause of the decline of truthfulness. "The journalist, more than any other class of men, has helped to lower and vitiate the sense of Truth." We are inclined to agree with this remark and to find the reason, where Sir Charles finds it, in the scanty time allowed the journalist for reflection and examination, and in the practice of presenting information in a striking manner. Sir Charles proposes as a remedy that newspapers should be taken over by the State. On the supposition that the State is more interested in the truth than is the private owner this would be an improvement, but the supposition seems to be entirely baseless. Instead of many different men with many different policies lying, distorting and suppressing for their own ends, we should merely obtain a certain uniformity in the stream of misleading information. We have agreed with Sir Charles that politicians are untruthful; we cannot, therefore, suppose that they would run truthful newspapers. On the

present system we can adopt a rough averaging-out process, but, with all the newspapers controlled by the State, we should be helpless. Of course, we agree with Sir Charles's weighty remark that the dissemination of truthful information *ought* to be one of the functions of the State: only—where are the truthful men, and what chance have they of obtaining power?

THE SOLDIERS AND THE CHILD

MILITARISM IN EDUCATION: A CONTRIBUTION TO EDUCATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION. By John Langdon-Davies. (Headley. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE faults of anti-militarist literature are usually rancour, sentimentality, and exaggeration. Mr. Langdon-Davies has escaped all three. He has written a book of which the main theme is that there are two ideals of education—one to educate the child for his own good as an individual, the other to educate him to take his place in and for the good of the all-powerful, capitalist, militarist State. The second ideal is, or rather was, the Prussian, but Mr. Langdon-Davies's object is to prove that there is a party of some importance in this country which wishes to pursue in our English schools the same aims as the Prussian militarists. The merit of this book consists in its clearness and its shortness, in the fact that the author knows what he wants to prove, and proceeds to prove it without fuss or sentiment and with considerable moderation.

The author would probably agree that the most valuable and telling things in his book are the quotations. He has mastered the first and last canon in the art of political controversy: allow your opponent to hang himself in a rope made of his own words. For instance, the crucial question in education is discipline. A school, in the view of many good and thoughtless people, is a place in which you catch a number of children of both sexes and teach them that they must do what they do not want to do. Experience has shown that it is not difficult to accomplish this by means of repeating commands and statements over and over again in a loud voice and with the help of a cane. The human animal is extremely suggestible and is extremely averse to physical pain; and the habit of implicit obedience, once acquired, is not easily lost.

The militarist has been quick to see his opportunity presented in the schools. Catch the boy young enough, drill him, and give him the military habit of implicit obedience, call it discipline, and you will have in the next generation the human material necessary for the working of the capitalist, militarist State. To show the existence and implications of this amiable doctrine Mr. Langdon-Davies has only to quote a few statements from some of our authorities on Education. "Discipline means instantaneous, uncompromising, unquestioning, implicit and cheerful ["cheerful" is good!] obedience . . . [It is] the art of making people do things as if they liked doing them. It is a necessity in all organized life, whether Naval, Military, or Civilian . . ." And here are Lord Sydenham's views on education and the Duty and Discipline Movement: "By far the most important change required is the inculcation of patriotism in its highest sense. The teaching the nation would most need in the future was best expressed in the two words 'duty' and 'discipline.'" We cannot refrain from quoting another remark of the same peer who does so much to determine how the children of the working classes shall be educated: "It will be said by Humanists and by many Socialists that all international ideals are worth inculcating. The war has disposed of that fallacy for a generation at least." There is another fallacy which we hope the war has disposed of for many generations, namely, that human beings are capable of learning by experience.

A NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

THE ESCAPE OF SIR WILLIAM HEANS. By William Hay. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is strange how content most writers are to ignore the influence of the weather upon the feelings and the emotions of their characters, or, if they do not ignore it, to treat it, except in its most obvious manifestations—"she felt happy because the sun was shining"—"the dull day served but to heighten his depression"—as something of very little importance, something quite separate and apart. But by "the weather" we do not mean a kind of ocean at our feet, with broad effects of light and shadow, into which we can plunge or not plunge, at will; we mean an external atmosphere which is in harmony or discordant with a state of soul; poet's weather, perhaps we might call it. But why not prose-writer's weather, too? Why indeed! Are not your poet and your writer of prose faced with exactly the same problem? Can we of this age go on being content with stories and sketches and impressions and novels which are less than adventures of the soul? It is all so wearying, so wearying—this vision of the happy or unhappy pair or company, driving through the exhibition, meeting with adventures on the way and so safe home, or not safe home, at last. How can anything not trivial happen while the author still thinks it necessary to drive them at such a pace? Why will he not see that we would rather—far rather—they stayed at home, mysteriously themselves, with time to be conscious, in the deepest, richest sense, of what is happening to them . . . Then, indeed, as in the stories of Tchekov, we should become aware of the rain pattering on the roof all night long, of the languid, feverish wind, of the moonlit orchard and the first snow, passionately realized, not indeed as analogous to a state of mind, but as linking that mind to the larger whole.

In "The Escape of Sir William Heans" Mr. Hay has made the most of a curious and unusual opportunity to exploit this method. The scene of his story is Hobart, Tasmania; the time, between 1830 and 1840, when that place was a "thriving" convict settlement; and the plot—how Sir William Heans, an English gentleman, transported for a crime against society, finds his captivity insupportable and makes three attempts at escape, of which the third is successful. But this simple plot is only the stem pushing up painfully into the forbidden light; from it there grow many dark, intricate branches and ashy fruits; the half-blind little girl, Abelia, clings to it, smothering and pale, like a clematis, and always wandering near there is the old native woman Conapanny, with her hidden bracelet of black hair.

Nevertheless, the figure of Sir William is always the outstanding one, and the author is so faithful to his state of mind that there are moments when he feels that all else that happens is a dream, dreamed by the prisoner as he sat staring at an opaque glass window, seven by three, and crossed with iron bars. For that which is peculiar to the book is the persistent and dreadful sense of imprisonment. Hobart itself, locked in its pretty harbour and hemmed in on either side by huge tangled forests, is the first of a series of "boxes," each one a little smaller, a little narrower and tighter than the one that went before. Even the small official society with its convict servants, its precautions against escaped prisoners and its continual gossip about prison affairs is not "free"; an innocent gathering becomes a plot, with its victim, its watcher and its spy; they arrange a dance, and in the middle of the dancing a shot is heard, and a whisper goes round that someone has been killed upstairs—nobody knows who . . .

But the abiding impression is the horrible light in which poor Sir William sees this crude new town, half full of corrupt filthy men, with its prisons and gaolers, and police patrols and natural defences of giant bush. All is bathed in the unendurable half-light and flicker that comes before a storm: great puffs of wind blow through the book, the sea arises, tossing and shaking—and the storm never breaks. Those who have lived in the Antipodes know such days—days of waiting for the storm to break, of getting up to another day of wind, of watching the strange divided pallor and darkness, of tearing voices, nervous, agitated, shouting against the wind. One feels that at any moment anything may happen—and nothing happens. Until at last when the storm does come its violence is almost a relief—a calm.

So, when Sir William finally escapes, his ordeal and his sufferings in the bush seem quite simple and endurable. We almost lose sight of him before he reaches the Bay, where the little broken-down ship sails in at last to rescue him. The suspense is over, and with it, in a way, every thing is over.

It was a moment therefore of intense relief when the ship jibbed about and moved imperceptibly away on the south-eastern tack. Slowly the sound of the waterfall softened, and slowly the great walls dimmed over the silent pool, and slowly they shrank under the wings and pinnacles of the forests, while these with their thousand shouldering sentinels slowly—very slowly—softened in the smoke of morning.

K. M.

THE FIRST HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE

It was a graceful compliment to Mr. Gosse to make him the Chairman at the first presentation of the Hawthornden Prize on July 10. For the terms of the prize, excluding all competitors over forty years of age, made the occasion a tribute to the growing importance of the young. During and since the war a grateful country has come to see that youth, with its eager, bold and adventurous spirit, is an asset of great importance to the nation. Mr. Gosse, both from his exalted position as the representative of English letters and from that quality so aptly referred to by Mr. Hewlett as his "youthful heart," was obviously fitted to be, as it were, the channel of public recognition. Mr. Gosse opened his speech with an amusing and instructive anecdote about a Sultan and his court poet, and thus deftly indicated the desirability of freeing the poet from the grosser material cares in order to leave him more leisure for his "priest-like task of soothing the sorrowful." This is the purpose, Mr. Gosse explained, of the Hawthornden Prize: every year a poet is to be freed in order to add to the amount of consolation in the world. It is not that they expect a poet of the first rank every year; that would be undesirable even were it possible, but there is a secondary kind of originality that is more frequent. The task is not without its difficulties. A similar prize, awarded every year by the French Academy, has never once been bestowed, Mr. Gosse informed us, upon a real poet. He expressed his hope that the judges for the Hawthornden Prize would be more successful. But it is originality, not licence, that is to be encouraged. The temple of fame (more like a fortress, Mr. Gosse observed) is not to be stormed with the rockets now let off in such abundance by contemporary poets. The futurists or passéists or whatever other "-ists" they call themselves will never have a Hawthornden Prize as long as Mr. Gosse can prevent them. His indignation was infectious; we felt that there must indeed be none of that sort of thing. Mr. Gosse concluded by reading a number of extracts from the successful volume, Mr. Edward Shanks's "Queen of China" (for criticisms of this book see *ATHENÆUM*, May 2, p. 285, and June 13, p. 458). Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who, as Mr. Gosse said, would have stood a good chance but for the age limit, paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Gosse and emphasized the importance of admiration in the poet's economy. Miss Warrender, the giver of the prize, made a really captivating little speech, simple and sincere. The whole function was a great success.

LITERARY NOTES

WE have received a copy of the first catalogue of the Dunster House Bookshop, Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is distinctly remarkable that prices seem now to be lower in the United States than in London. For instance, the first edition of "Endymion" was sold last week at the Fairfax Murray sale for £57, while it is marked in the American catalogue at \$200. At the present rate of exchange the American price is £44. That the English price should be 25 per cent. more than the American throws a curious light on the present bibliomania. Other items in the Dunster House catalogue seem equally reasonable. What must be in private ownership a unique set of first editions of Matthew Arnold, including "Alaric at Rome," "Cromwell," "The Strayed Reveller," "Empedocles on Etna," and indeed lacking only five relatively unimportant volumes, is priced at \$650. "The Cenci," first edition, is marked at \$250.

IN our leading article last week we stated that Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of the works of Keats in five volumes "is now all but unprocurable." Since then we have not only learned that the edition may still be obtained, but, to make assurance doubly sure, have purchased a copy from the London office of the publishers, Messrs. Gowans & Gray. While regretting that we should thus have misinformed our readers, we consider it of some interest to point out that before making the statement we inquired of three or four London booksellers (whom it would be invidious to mention), who all were unanimous in declaring that the edition was out of print, and of whom the most famous appeared in person to assure us that it had been out of print "for years."

The incident has its significance. The Buxton Forman Keats is by far the most valuable edition of the poet that we have; it is also the cheapest. The whole five volumes cost only 7s. 6d. Yet some of the most famous London booksellers not only do not keep it in stock, which it is their obvious duty to do, but assure intending purchasers that it is not to be had. It is the fashion nowadays to objurgate the publishers (who perhaps deserve it), but it is time that someone gave the booksellers a piece of his mind. In publishing such a book as the Buxton Forman Keats at so low a price, Messrs. Gowans & Gray did a public service, and, doubtless, took no small financial risk. Instead of helping the publishers' enterprise, the bookseller does his best to smother it. Whether he sins by mere negligence, or because the book is cheap, we hardly care to speculate. But a profit of 4½d. on a volume sold at 1s. 6d. should be a sufficient reward.

WE have received a preliminary announcement of *The Bookplate Magazine*, edited by Mr. James Guthrie, and to be published by the Morland Press. The first quarterly number will be ready this month. If the magazine is as admirably produced as the prospectus, it will be a welcome addition to our artistic publications.

M. JEAN AJALBERT, the distinguished French novelist recently elected to a vacant seat in the Goncourt Academy, was appointed some time ago to the direction of the State tapestry factory at Beauvais. Writing in the *Avenir*, he reveals the miserable wages which are paid to the craftsmen at work in the factory. The commencing salary of a skilled craftsman (*artiste-tapisseur*) is barely one pound a week, and he takes years to reach the maximum of twice that amount. With a view to reviving interest in Beauvais, an extensive exhibition of old Beauvais work is now being held in that city. The *Mercur de France*, July 1, makes the excellent suggestion that the biennial exhibitions of work produced by the Government factories of Beauvais, Gobelins and Sevres, which were abandoned during the Second Empire, should be resumed.

THE French Academy has awarded its Grand Prix de Littérature (10,000 francs) for the year to MM. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud for their work as a whole, and the Prix du Roman (5,000 francs) to M. Pierre Benoit for his novel "L'Atlantide." The Gobert Prize (10,000 francs) for the most distinguished piece of historical writing has been divided between M. Maurice Marion for his study, "Les Finances de France depuis 1715" (9,000 francs), and M. Louis Batiffol for his "Républiques Alsaciennes."

TYPOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WE have received from the Cambridge University Press a beautiful reprint of the poetical tract "Spare Your Good" (250 copies only printed. 10s. 6d. net). This pamphlet was first printed by Wynkyn de Worde; but of de Worde's editions—of which there appear to have been at least three—only a title-page is known to exist, bound up with the unique copy of the pamphlet bearing the imprint of Anthony Kytson in the Bodleian. The present reprint also is made from a unique copy bearing the imprint of Thomas Marshe. But the imprint is the only point of difference between these unique copies; the fact is that Anthony Kytson was a draper who sold books as a side line, and occasionally had his name inserted in the colophon of books. As Mr. Gordon Duff, the editor, says in his introduction: "It is interesting to note that in the case of books printed 'by' him other copies of the book are known with real printer's name in the colophon, showing that he took only part of the issue. But in the case of books printed 'for' him he appears to have taken the whole edition."

The main interest of this reprint is, however, that it is printed in a new fount of type, designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers, and called the Centaur type. The fount is a fine one. It derives, we should say, from the Caslon and the Doves types; and it shows, to our thinking at least, an improvement on its ancestors. The monumental Roman curves of the Doves type, the solid architectural quality of which not only gave a touch of heaviness, but obscured the historic connection between types and the written script, have been agreeably softened. The suggestion of a bold pen-stroke is accentuated by the use of generous serifs, which being set at slightly different angles (notably in the lower-case "d" and the upper-case "T") give a pleasing sense of freedom from mechanical rigidity. The lower-case "v" and "w" are also set at a perceptible slant from the vertical, most happily. The lower-case "f" has a fine free curve, so free indeed that we wonder whether it can be used in ordinary composition without suffering damage. On the whole, the Centaur type stands in most welcome contrast to the other well-known derivative from the Doves type—the Dolphin old style. The effect of stubbornness due to the inadequate ascenders, which is by no means compensated by the blackness which the Dolphin gives to the page, has been carefully avoided. The ascenders of the Doves have been increased rather than diminished, and if a page of Centaur has a slight tendency to greyness, it is because (in our opinion) a page of readable type is bound to be slightly grey. The insistence upon a decorative blackness must be kept in check for the reader's sake.

The one criticism we have to make of the fount itself is that we find the ascender of the lower-case "t" a trifle short. In the example put before us in this reprint (of which the press-work is excellent) the brackets appear to belong to another fount, for they are of uniform thickness throughout their length, and have no relation whatever to a pen-stroke; moreover, we consider it a mistake to have used another fount for the quotation in the Introduction, p. 4. Another curious discrepancy is in the lower-case "e," the cross-stroke of which is in the Introduction quite horizontal, and in the poem itself set on a slant.

But we have nothing but congratulation for Mr. Bruce Rogers. The Centaur type is quite the finest modern fount we have seen, and if, as we hope, it is put upon the market, it will not fail to gain an acknowledged supremacy.

SIR HEATH HARRISON of Brasenose College has offered the University of Oxford the sum of £25,000, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the institution of travelling scholarships, and to the teaching of French and other modern European languages within the University itself.

MESSRS. CASSELL will shortly publish a novel by Mr. Hugh Walpole entitled "Jeremy," a study of child-character; "Food and the Public Health," by Dr. W. G. Savage, Medical Officer of Health for Somersetshire, a book which shows how easily food may be infected, and how little has yet been done by the State to ensure a pure food-supply to the public; and "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War," the contents of which need no preliminary summary.

HELPS FOR STUDENTS OF HISTORY

UNDER this title the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge are issuing a series of tractates, written as a rule by men of acknowledged authority on their subjects, which aim at facilitating the task of a beginner who wishes to make himself acquainted with the sources of English history. As some sixteen of them have been already published, together with nine of a kindred series of "Texts for Students," we are in a position to judge their usefulness and efficiency. The moderation of their price, 6d. or 9d. each, is certain.

No other country in the world has so rich a store of historical documents and records as England, preserved, we might almost say, in spite of the wilful stupidity of our ancestors—uncatalogued, uncared-for, exposed to the ravages of damp, of dust, of fire, dispersed among thousands of repositories, public, semi-public, and private. "The Care of Documents," by Mr. C. Johnson, gives some idea of what is still to be done for them, though we regret his publication of a reagent which may in time blacken the paper to which it is applied. There are in the Record Office documents almost illegible from a similar reagent applied not half a century ago. Three tracts on "Parish History and Records," "Episcopal Registers," and "Municipal Records" explain what may be found in these directions, and how they may be utilized for local history; while accounts of the Public Record Offices in London and Dublin indicate the various classes of historical material they contain, and the way to obtain a knowledge of their contents. Prof. A. P. Newton's help to "The Study of Colonial History" breaks new ground and opens up prospects rather neglected by English historians. Dr. R. L. Poole's "Mediaeval Reckonings of Time" will be found indispensable to anyone reading general history from the documents who wants to know whether, for example, March 24, 1128, came before or after April 15, 1128—whether the year began at Advent, Christmas, Circumcision, Lady Day, Easter, or some other date. This and the late Archdeacon Cunningham's "Hints on the Study of English Economic History" are far and away the best written of the series.

The books dealing with special periods are the least fortunate. Mr. Arthur Tilley has a considerable (we had almost said an unrivalled) acquaintance with the facts of his subject, "The French Renaissance," but the net result of it all is that with him particular facts always seem to blot out general impressions. He is a little more useful on "The French Wars of Religion," where a misleading selection of facts is not so easy. We have not read Sir A. W. Ward's "The Period of Congresses," and do not see how it comes into this series at all.

The "Texts for Students" provide selections or short texts, interesting in themselves to anyone who has read national or ecclesiastical history, and cheap enough to be bought for use once or twice and laid aside. Among them are selections from the Vulgate, Matthew Paris, and Giraldus Cambrensis, excellent in style and useful in matter, perfectly good Latin with the exception that the period is not used. The writings of St. Patrick and the Epistle of St. Clement of Rome at sixpence each are an invitation to open out fresh fields, while still other selections illustrate Christian origins and mediæval history.

We regard publications of this kind as of the highest value. Not that they contain much that is new, but they afford to students working by themselves the sort of guidance and information they would have received personally if they had been fortunate enough to follow the classes of an expert. And it is this sort of teaching which is rare amongst us: professors are ready to put their results on record, their methods are reserved for a small circle. Moreover, books of this kind enfranchise many serious readers from the yoke of authors who, having gone to original sources themselves, cover up their tracks and force their readers to rely on their interpretation without the chance of forming an independent impression. We recommend these little books to the notice of every teacher and student of history in the kingdom.

COPIES of the Creweian Oration in Latin, delivered by Sir Herbert Warren at the Oxford Encænica on June 25, can be obtained from the Clarendon Press Depot, 116, High Street, Oxford (price 3d., by post 3½d.).

Science

SCIENCE AND PERSONALITY

THERE is a passage in "Tono-Bungay" where Mr. Wells describes his hero, in revolt against the "jolly little coarsenesses and insufficiency of life," turning to science as a way of salvation: "Science, with her order, her inhuman distance, her steely certainties, saved me from despair." There must be but few scientific men who do not know something of what Mr. Wells means. There are some types of religious persons who have the same emotion about God, but it is difficult to believe that there are many modern artists who can feel like this about art. For it appears essential to the feeling that the object of it should seem something impersonal, something in face of which one's individuality is lost; one experiences the rest and quiet of insignificance in the presence of the non-human and eternal. The emotion, if taken at its face value, is probably deceptive; we are probably treading again the old weary circle and falling prostrate before something in ourselves. But, such as it is, it is an emotion that science can awaken and which it is difficult to imagine the artist sharing. For it rests on the obliteration of personality, whereas a cursory reading assures us that art is an emphasis and expression of individuality. We are informed that unless a poem or a picture is individual it is nothing. Doubtless there are Platonically-minded artists who hold that every work of art is but the partial manifestation of one ideal beauty, and it may be that in admiring a work of art they are worshipping once more that familiar deity. But, in general, even they insist on the individual quality of the work and seem to spend the greater part of their admiration on that which makes it partial. Of course, there is a sense in which art is impersonal, just as there is a sense in which science is individual. The artist whose outlook was completely peculiar to himself would, like the gentleman who holds the original point of view that he is a piece of glass, be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Indeed, we have sometimes wondered whether the modern insistence on personalities has not something to do with the modern absence of great art.

But whether or not analysis can discover the impersonal element in great art, it is true that it can discover the personal element in a great scientific work. Even in a mathematical investigation the personal element may be traced; it is, indeed, sometimes prominent, so that it is not altogether fanciful to speak of the individual quality of a mathematical essay in very much the same way as one speaks of this quality in a musical composition. In the more concrete sciences these differences are perhaps even more strongly marked. Nevertheless, owing to the definiteness of the subject-matter and the more or less uniform method that must be adopted in successful scientific investigation, personality is much less obtrusive in the sciences than in the arts. A man who feels very strongly on the subject of his "Ego" is not likely to find permanent satisfaction in undertaking scientific inquiries. The delicacy and richness of his personality cannot find adequate expression in this limited medium, and if he feels it important that his soul, to its last convolutions, should be presented to the public, he will come to prefer the more generous opportunities offered by the arts. One can stamp one's individuality on a poem much more readily than on a catalogue of double stars. But this very lack of malleability in the medium is an attraction to some people. There are people who are not greatly interested in personalities, including their own. Such people are more interested in the general than in the particular; in their human relations they are

more interested in humanity than in men. Nietzsche, in his excellent description of the type, calls it the Objective Man. The extreme products of the species are even capable of ceasing to feel their own sorrows in their contemplation of the theorem of which their private miseries are an illustration. Science seems to them a perfectly natural activity, and not all art is foreign to them, although they eye the artist in self-expression with a faint wonder. The fact that one experiences an emotion profoundly and expresses it sincerely constitutes no claim on their attention. Art, except as it aids a more universal comprehension, is not to them art. The choicest personality is only valued for the light he throws on the rest of mankind. Pope's dictum, that the proper study of mankind is man, is not wholly acceptable to these people. They are capable of taking a queer, speculative interest in the probable fate of the universe after man has perished from this planet. Doubtless there is again an element of self-deception in such detachment, but it does point to a real distinction between them and those untiring investigators of their own personalities who play so large a part in contemporary art.

There are signs that the cultivation of individualities is declining. A certain boredom is beginning to afflict the modern world. We have encountered so many strange beasts and have found the contact so little profitable that we are less inclined to allow the artist to take as his theme his exceptional self. Unless an authentic monster soon appears this weariness may breed impatience with the whole method of self-exploitation. Then, being thoroughly acquainted with the remarkable uniformity in diversity exhibited by human beings, we shall turn to the sciences for just those impersonal qualities that once alienated our sympathies and caused us to give the first place in our affections to the arts.

S.

INDIAN BIOLOGY

TRANSACTIONS OF THE BOSE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, CALCUTTA: Vol. I, Parts 1 and 2. LIFE MOVEMENTS IN PLANTS. Edited by Sir J. C. Bose. (Bengal Government Press. 10s. net.)

WITH what a feeling of pleasure would Auguste Comte have turned over the pages of this volume! His famous generalization as to man's three successive modes of approaching the problem of this world would through it receive a very tangible confirmation. His dictum—somewhat sweeping, it must be admitted, though reposing upon truth—was that our mode of thinking about every fundamental subject passes first through a Theological, then by a Metaphysical, and finally into a Positive state. When he wrote, there was not in the whole of Asia one lodgment of what he would have allowed to be the Positive method. Since then, Japan has come into line, China has begun to follow, and at last India too, so long regarded as the spiritual home of what he would have called Metaphysical doctrines, starts to turn a few lives out of its three hundred millions into that Positive channel, which we may agree with him will certainly and inevitably deepen and grow.

The foundation of an institute for research in pure science by a native of India, himself a distinguished man of science, is an event in the history of India. The publication of these Transactions, the first fruits of its activity, shows that it is an event also in the history of Science. In his inaugural address Sir J. C. Bose, who is director as well as founder, remarks: "It was held that, by its very constitution, the Indian mind would always turn away from the study of Nature to metaphysical speculations." The studies, all executed by Indians, show that this is not so, but that the method of Science can be

practised by any type of mind which possesses the will to it together with the attainment of a certain intellectual level. It may be that the bent of research and the colour of theories will take something from the inherent qualities of the Indian mind, but the faith in ascertainable truths and the appeal to facts can underlie that research and those theories equally well in India and in Europe. There, as here, it will be possible for men to see that the intellectual side of religion must be replaced by science; that, in short, true Theology is nothing more nor less than a co-ordination of knowable facts.

The first paper in the book, appropriately enough, shows this new India coming into conflict with the old. There exists in Bengal a remarkable tree known as the praying palm tree of Faridpur. It leans over at an angle of nearly 60 degrees, and "in the evening, while the temple bells ring calling upon people to prayer, bows down as if to prostrate itself. It erects its head again in the morning, and this process is repeated every day of the year." Not unnaturally, crowds of pilgrims flock to see the marvel, and when offerings have been made to the tree, marvellous cures are said to have been effected. Sir J. C. Bose wished to investigate this phenomenon, but at the outset he met with considerable opposition from the owner of the tree, who "was apprehensive that its miraculous power might disappear by profane contact with foreign-looking instruments."

His misgivings were, however, removed "on the assurance that the instrument was made in India, and that it would be attached to the tree by one of my assistants, who was the son of a priest." The experiments were successful, and, together with a number of others on plants in the laboratory, demonstrated that the phenomenon was due to the fact of increase of temperature partially inhibiting the normal negative geotropism of the plant. It was indeed unfortunate that the tree died scarcely a year after the investigation began. We must hope that unwarranted deductions were not made by the owner; our author contents himself, perhaps wisely, with mentioning the fact.

The numerous other researches set forth it is impossible to review fully. A great part of Sir J. C. Bose's talent lies in the devising of ingenious and delicate apparatus. A good example of this is seen in his "Crescograph," designed to give a record of the growth of plants, a record magnifying the original growth up to 10,000 times. The tip of a system of levers connected with the plant comes in contact with a plate of smoked glass at short intervals, producing a series of dots. The growth in one species of Rush was so rapid that short lines were produced instead of dots. He investigates the two classes of movements—those witnessed in ordinary growth, and those produced in adult plants by special organs, such as the folding and falling of the leaves of mimosa.

The main impression left by the book is of a large number of accurately-recorded facts and figures gathered in a field where their gathering is not easy. The main conclusion, perhaps, is one that a broad biology must never mind emphasizing again, namely, the universality of movement in plants, or, in other words, in protoplasm in general.

Except by bringing this out very clearly, Sir J. C. Bose does not here concern himself in any way with stressing his well-known views on the similarity of response in plants, in animals, and in non-living matter alike. That is his faith, but he does not obtrude it, and if these researches are inspired by that faith, he does not let any theoretical consideration impair his methods of attack.

One interesting figure obtained is that of the rapidity of conduction of stimulus in mimosa. It has long been

known that all protoplasm will conduct stimuli, and that nerve-tissue is simply protoplasm specialized for conduction; but it is somewhat of a shock to learn that while the rate of conduction in the nerves of a cuttlefish is 10 mm., and in a clam 1 mm. per second, in the vascular bundles of mimosa it is 30 mm.

The author (or rather the principal author, for of many of the papers other workers are part or sole authors) uses the conception of turgor of cells—and no doubt rightly—to explain the phenomena of movement in plants. As to the mechanism of change of turgor, however, he is not at all clear. For instance, when the pulvinus of mimosa rapidly contracts under stimulation, he would say simply that the cells lose their turgidity. He does not tell us, however, whether this is due to an alteration of permeability in the cell-membrane, or to a change in the osmotic pressure of the cell-contents. We would recommend to Sir J. C. Bose, now that his accumulation of records is so complete, the carrying one step further his investigation of the causes of the movement; not to be content with the explanation of movement by turgidity-variations, but to seek the causes of these variations themselves. In this connection he would do well, especially from his theoretical standpoint, to investigate muscle-contraction with the same idea in his mind. That osmotic change is very probably at the root of this too is seen by work like that of Mr. McDougall.

We shall await with interest the further volumes of these Transactions, both for their own sake and as an earnest of growing Indian participation in the increasing of knowledge.

THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND

THE annual meeting of the National Art-Collections Fund was held at Burlington House on July 14. Mr. R. C. Witt, vice-chairman of the Fund, who presided, said that they had been unable to do much during the war, but they hoped to begin again now; he also referred to the generosity of Sir Alfred Mond, who had enabled the Fund to procure a fine piece of fifteenth-century Arras, "Charity challenging the Seven Deadly Sins," belonging to the series of four at Hampton Court, where it would be placed again.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the Board of Education, praised the work of the Fund in the past, and congratulated it on its catholicity, as displayed, for instance, in the purchase of the letter of Mary, Queen of Scots (see *ATHENÆUM*, July 11, p. 596). He thought that there was much to be done in the way of bringing the treasures of the museums, and particularly local museums, to the notice of the neighbouring inhabitants: children found immense profit and delight when conducted under proper guidance through museums and art galleries. There should be good casts and pictures in the schools; England did not make as much use of this means of liberal education as America. For some reason the plastic arts, at present, seemed to have a much lesser hold on schools and universities than music. For the training of museum experts he would rely upon a general literary training rather than specialization; men of wide culture and sensibility were produced in sufficient numbers by the universities.

Sir Alfred Mond deplored the fact that in the purchase of works of art the wealthy non-artistic people competed against the less wealthy artistic, thus increasing the difficulties of the Fund.

THE annual Congress of the British Archaeological Association will be held at Colchester, July 23-26. A report of the proceedings will be published in *THE ATHENÆUM*.

Fine Arts

THE ALLIED ARTISTS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES

PERHAPS one expects too much, but the Allied Artists' show is disappointing. Not that theirs is not a good deal more interesting than most shows, but it is not as interesting as one hoped. This is not the fault of the regular artists, who support it well on the whole, Mr. Walter Sickert sending a very good picture, and quite a number of the London Group and Friday Club making a good display. What is disappointing is the indifference of the amateur and the occasional artist, and it is precisely for their sake that one visits the gallery. It would be a sad thing to have to abandon the idea of unrecognized genius, and yet what else is one to think of it?

I looked through a child's sketchbook the other day. It was filled with the most fantastic images—two men carrying a great bar of gold along the edge of a precipice; a stag galloping along the edge of a line of cliffs against which a great wave dashed; great fish fighting in the deep sea, and lines descending from a fishing-boat seen high up and in the distance; an Indian temple with sacred animals tied to stakes all round it. Such were a few of the visual fantasies with which a child's mind is so filled that he has continually to express them in pictorial form, and this in varying degrees is true of almost all children. One would suppose that, out of the forty million inhabitants of this country, at least some hundreds would carry this habit of visualizing into grown-up life. Now, so long as the current theories of art discouraged any graphic expression which did not conform to an exacting standard of representation, it was natural enough that those who had not the inclination or the opportunity to learn this rather complicated and laborious craft should abandon all attempts to express their visual fantasies. But we have of late changed all that—the *douanier* Rousseau, an ignoramus and an amateur, has had his apotheosis; children's drawings are discussed seriously, and change hands for money; there are critics who will look for talent on the paving-stones of London; and here finally is an admirable society, the Allied Artists, who will give the amateur a chance of being seen to the best possible advantage in the best gallery in London. All that a man who fancies his own talent has to do is to back his fancy to the extent of a guinea. The artists, pocketing their professional pride and the exclusiveness of their caste, have gone out into the highways, if not to compel them, at least to entice them to come in, and yet there is hardly any response. There are, of course, a good many amateurs who send, but they are mostly would-be professionals; they merely imitate some well-known type of professional work or other. There are hardly any naïf painters, and it is those that, tired with laborious and imperfect professionalism, we long to welcome into the fold, and to praise, in gratitude for a novel sensation, more highly than their actual achievements deserve.

However, we must try to be grateful for what there is. Mr. Snowball sends a large life-size portrait of a stout gentleman so well groomed that he glistens all over with a satiny lustre. This is the kind of handling which, merely as a change from accomplished brushwork, we are apt just now to like. It holds out a hope that it is the result of a passion for the precise statement of form in one so ignorant of the methods of professional painting that he adopts this licked and polished manner. It is, indeed, the handling of the street-pavement artist and the photographic enlarger. But, alas! Mr. Snowball

disappoints us after the hopes that a first glance arouses. He is just innocently *pompier*, and has no personal experience to communicate. Another artist of a similar kind paints the most dashing and flashing beauties, who display their flowing locks, their glittering eyes, their shining teeth, their dimpled smiles and their voluptuous breasts all at once and all at the highest tension. The adjectives in this sentence are precisely those which the artist's abandoned emphasis suggests. In spite of the somewhat antiquated traditionalism of his taste, there is a great deal to be said for an artist who paints what he likes with such peremptory gusto. There is, I fear, less to be said for the lady (I somehow assume) who paints the spirits of the moon and certain planets. If, as I suspect, these are the record of revelations from the spirit world—I am led to this by their family likeness to other spirit pictures—it is rather disappointing to know that the spirits of the heavenly bodies are all so exactly alike, and that their form was revealed to an unperceiving world on the chocolate boxes of twenty years ago.

But I am loitering among the minor artists, and must hurry on to the works of the Rev. A. Tremearne, who really claims the chief honours of the exhibition. Here is precisely the man we are looking for, the man for whom the Allied Artists exist—only how is it that there are not hundreds like him?—the man who can give only his spare time to painting, who therefore makes no attempt to grapple with all its problems, but puts down his visions as best he can, simply and courageously, and leaves it at that. I do not think Mr. Tremearne is a naïf. In fact, the naïf is so rare a bird that I have almost given up hope of finding an unspoiled specimen. I should not be surprised if Mr. Tremearne has worked at a school of art, but he is unspoiled by that. No one has had time to intimidate him by showing him what a difficult game art is, and he paints with an infectious self-confidence. His portrait of a young man dressed up in a quasi-Byzantine manner is really remarkable; it has a triumphant sonority of colour. Colour is indeed accepted, as in the primitives, just as local colour; the azaleas are all pink, the blue robe all blue, the flesh all flesh colour, and so forth. How many a professional artist would give a good deal to be able to make these simple statements with conviction and sincerity! Mr. Tremearne makes them, and creates a fine harmony at the same time.

Another picture which pleased me very much was "Lilliput," by Mr. Gabriel Atkin. At first sight one might suppose that this too was by an amateur imagist, but a more careful look shows that it is the work of an artist who has made full use of modern æsthetic notions in order to express himself with the simplicity and subtlety of a child.

But I come back with my meagre gleanings, to ask once more the question why the Salon des Indépendants shows hundreds and hundreds of interesting or curious imagists, and England has only one Mr. Tremearne. It is not a question of any high or exacting art of pure form, which doubtless requires a very peculiar type of sensibility; what we are here concerned with is the putting down of visual images, the records of fantasy and invention. Now here I should expect the English to excel, certainly to surpass the French. The great French artists, both poets and painters, are singularly wanting in fantastic invention—a quality in which the English particularly abound. One could not compare the fantasy of a Gustave Moreau with our Blake's; and Rimbaud is almost the only Frenchman to set against our long line of fantasist poets. I can put the question; alas! I cannot answer it. Anthropologists forbid the easy password of "racial difference," by kindly pointing out that there is none worth speaking of. It must be something in our general social atmosphere which checks in the British adult the

abundant flow of visual imagery which the British child possesses. Is it our predominantly ethical and social interests, and is this mighty stream of invention all turned aside into the modern novel? If so, those who read and review novels must have a good time.

ROGER FRY.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. Exhibition of Designs for War Memorials.

TWENTY-ONE GALLERY. Drawings and Paintings by Wyndham Tryon.

ADELPHI GALLERIES. Selected Works.

IN the ages of Rome's declining art the emperors were wont to strip the sculpture from more ancient erections in order to decorate with it their own monuments or memorials. England has never been so rich in sculpture that we could do the same; we could scarcely transport the statuettes from Parliament Square, or the other top-hatted, pipe-trousered monstrosities, and with them adorn our war memorials. Yet I do not think that John Bright or Gladstone or the gentleman who stands at the entrance to Euston Station would lose in comparison with most of the works exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The numerous soldier and sailor statuettes there shown are, most of them, well in the tradition of London street sculpture, and there are designs which will vie with the Victoria and Albert Memorials. Two models by Charles Wheeler (unnumbered) and a sketch for stained glass by Guy Miller may be excepted.

Mr. Wyndham Tryon's drawings and paintings of Spain are keen, and carry a convincing originality—an originality, that is, that seems to be in the blood, and not a conscious effort of the imagination or of the invention. This quality one finds only too seldom, for most pictures seem merely paraphrases of what has been said before. Mr. Tryon's compositions are unusual, yet not so much so that one may suspect him of deliberately seeking oddity; and spontaneous and varied enough to prove his natural vision. The drawing "Dead Spain" (11) is especially fortunate; the use of the point is delicate yet varied, the hint of colour valuable and well placed. In the paintings, such as "Hot Weather, Alicante" (13), or "Near Jijona" (18), he analyses Spain firstly as an æsthetic, and, secondly, as a romantic stimulus, and retains the one without sacrifice of the other.

Mr. Frank Rutter is pushing the claims of the lithograph, and the little show at the Adelphi Galleries consists mostly of works in that medium. There is, however, a good coloured drawing by Mr. Rupert Lee and a woodcut by Mr. Ginner: both are very pleasant. Of the lithographs, those which attract me most are Mr. R. Schwabe's "Peeling Potatoes," which was exhibited at the Senefelder Club, and is a fine design of great solidity, and with an excellent understanding of the limits and of the value of the lithographic process; and Mr. Paul Nash's "German Double Pill-box," from his Flanders series. In this he expresses the tragedy of ruin which lies over the devastated country, but Mr. Nash's work in this direction is too well known to need more description.

J. G.

WE have received from Messrs. Heffer, of Cambridge, a copy of their 180th catalogue, which contains a number of notable items. Several Swinburne MSS. including the unpublished essay on Théophile, "Æolus," and the early poem, "The Nightingale," are offered. Other items include the Kelmscott Chaucer, the Doves Bible, a complete set of Thomas Hardy first editions, and first editions of later Elizabethans. To judge by this catalogue there is no pause in the upward movement of prices.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute at Hampton Court, on Wednesday, July 30, under the guidance of Mr. Ernest Law, F.S.A. The Tudor buildings will be visited in the morning, and the later buildings will be examined in the afternoon. Applications for tickets must be made to 19, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. 1.

NOTES ON ART SALES

On July 2 and 3 Messrs. Christie sold the collection of French furniture, objects of art and porcelain formed by Mr. L. Neumann, the total reached being £70,272. A Louis XVI. oval gold snuff-box, 1760, enamelled *en plein* with Boucher subjects, bearing the mark of Eloi Brichard, Paris, was bought for £1,260 by Mr. S. J. Phillips, who also purchased a Louis XVI. octagonal box in gold set with miniatures after Greuze, with the mark of Henri Clavel, Paris, 1781, for £756. Another octagonal Louis XVI. box with Greuze miniatures, J. J. Prevost, Paris, 1767, fetched £819 (R. W. Partridge); and a fourth with miniatures of Europa and the Bull, Diana, Calisto and others, bearing the mark of J. B. Fouache, Paris, 1777, £609 (Founés). Messrs. Agnew bought two miniatures, portraits of ladies, three-quarter face, by John Smart, signed with initials, in gold lockets, dated 1779 and 1784, for £777.

An antique bronze statue of Diana, 11 in. high on marble pedestal, with a detached head and plaque, was bought for £945 (Bennett); a pair of Louis XIV. bronze groups of Jupiter and Juno, 18½ in. high, for £714 (Clements); and another Louis XIV. group, 17 in. high, of Nessus and Dejanira, £756 (Durlacher). A Louis XIV. group of marble sculpture of Venus unrobing and Cupid, 43 in. high, on marble pedestal, by Coysevox, fetched £1,260 (Coureau); a bust of a gentleman, life-size, in white marble, by Peter von Verschaffelt, signed and dated 1740, £945 (Gunn); and a statuette of Voltaire in white marble, signed Rosset, 15 in. high, £525 (Davis). A pair of Louis XV. candlesticks of ormolu, with caryatid figures of children and foliage, 13½ in. high, sold for £737 10s. (Clements); and a Louis XVI. oblong inkstand of ormolu, with sides of Sèvres porcelain, 11½ in. wide, for £546 (Jonas).

At Christie's sale of pictures on July 7, Guardi's "Marriage of the Adriatic," 17 ins. by 27½ ins., realized the highest price, £399. A pair of portraits of a lady and gentleman, on panels, 27 ins. by 23½ ins., by J. Delf, signed and dated 1655, were sold for £682 10s. A River Scene with a church and ferry boat, by S. van Ruysdael, on panel, 16 ins. by 23½ ins., fetched £241 10s.; a panel portrait of the Earl of Carnarvon, 27 ins. by 23½ ins., by M. Mierevelt, £162 15s.; a child in a red dress and white feathered hat, by Maes, 44 ins. by 34 ins., £105; and a pair, "The Brighton Coach," 12½ ins. by 23½ ins., by C. Cooper Henderson, £178 10s.

On July 8, at Sotheby's, 85 of the original 87 pencil drawings by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the Kelmscott Chaucer were sold in one lot for £1,000 (Morris). At the same sale Van Dyck's Infant Christ standing on a serpent upon a globe, 46½ ins. by 32½ ins., formerly in the collection of the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, fetched £1,800. A drawing in black and red chalk and sepia wash, 5½ ins. by 4½ ins., being a self-portrait by Rembrandt at about the age of 21, realized £210. The remaining portion of the Judge Evans collection of drawings and pictures was disposed of. Sir William Orpen's "The Valuers" went for £200; Mr. Walter Sickert's "Dieppe: Rue Notre Dame," 21½ ins. by 17½ ins., for £60; and four water-colour drawings, "The Seasons," on silk, by Mr. George Sheringham, for £71.

A portrait of a gentleman in black coat over a white slashed doublet, on a panel 26½ ins. by 19 ins., of the German school, dated 1533, exhibited at Burlington House in 1891, fetched £1,365 at Christie's on July 11. This was from the collection of Major Cornwallis-West. Others in the same collection were: a Madonna and Child by Raphael, 23½ ins. by 16½ ins., which was seen at the exhibition of Early Italian Art at the New Gallery, 1893-4, £367 10s.; a portrait of a gentleman in black dress and cap, by Moroni, 40 ins. by 32½ ins., £252; and a portrait of a lady in blue dress with brown cloak, and a portrait of a gentleman in red coat and vest, a pair, 34½ ins. by 27 ins., by F. Cotes, £220 10s.

On the same day part of the Graham collection, belonging to Lady Horner, was sold. The bids included £682 10s. for the Virgin adoring the Infant Saviour, on a panel, 29 ins. by 22½ ins., by Bernardino Lanini; £420 for a Madonna and Child enthroned, on panel, 32 ins. by 20 ins., by Barnaba di Modena; £304 10s. for two bishops on a shaped panel, 23½ ins. by 14 ins. each, by Crivelli (exhibited at Burlington House in 1879); and £231 for the coloured chalk drawing "Proserpina," 46½ ins. by 21½ ins., by D. G. Rossetti, 1880. Fifty-eight pictures, mostly of the Italian schools, collected by John Skippe, the engraver, about 1800, belonging to Mr. W. A. H. Martin, of Ledbury, were also dispersed at this sale.

At Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's sale on July 11 a panel of Flemish seventeenth-century tapestry with the subject of Samson and Delilah, 12 ft. by 12 ft. 6 ins., realized £325 10s.; and a panel of Brussels sixteenth-century, with huntsmen, hounds and stag, bordered, 10 ft. by 6 ft. 8 ins., £315. A Louis XV. carved and gilt cheval screen with a Beauvais tapestry panel of flowers, from Sir Philip Sassoon's collection, made £123 18s.; a Louis XV. carved and gilt settee, with floral ornament upholstered in Genoa velvet, £98 14s.; and a cloisonné bowl and cover, 12 ins., on elephant-head supports, £107 2s.

At the Oakley Hall sale at Christie's last week £2,467 10s. was paid for a pair of Louis XV. cabinets decorated in the Chinese manner. Six Italian boxwood arm-chairs, carved with satyrs and covered with English tapestry, were sold for £1,522 10s.; and an Adam clock with barometer for £525.

Music

MYSTICISM ON A DUSTHEAP

THE audience were beginning to show signs of impatience. At last the lights went down, and Covent Garden hushed into silence as Signor Mugnone took up his stick. Suddenly, from somewhere near the orchestra, there rang out, like a clash of cymbals, a monstrous sneeze, and the house burst into laughter. It subsided, and the opera began; but the memory of the sneeze remained, and all through the opera one had a consciousness that the audience might break forth into laughter at any moment. The opera was Mascagni's "Iris," and there were many moments when the politeness of the audience was severely strained.

To understand the historical position of "Iris" a few dates may be useful. "Cavalleria Rusticana" came out in 1890; "The Geisha" in 1892; "Falstaff" in 1893; in 1896 "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was revived at Bayreuth. "Iris," which was heard for the first time in England on July 8, dates from 1898. "Madama Butterfly," it may be added, did not come out until 1904. It was a bold thing in 1898 for an Italian opera librettist to attempt a tragedy in a Japanese setting. Japan was still thought to be a comic-opera country. It was a bold thing, too, for the most popular of Italian composers to attempt an opera that on almost every page suggested reminiscences of "The Ring," not only in the actual notes, but in scenic effects and even in a certain spiritual atmosphere as well. "Cavalleria" won its popularity by its crude and violent realism; it must be judged in contrast to the early Verdi operas, "Faust," "Carmen," "Les Huguenots," and the rest of the old Covent Garden repertory. So, in the pompous days of Rameau, the everyday naturalism of "La Serva Padrona" suddenly made the conquest of Paris.

"Iris" has never been a great success, either in Italy or elsewhere, but it still holds the stage, and certain extracts from it may be constantly heard at Italian open-air concerts. It gives the impression of having been written without any thought of pleasing the public. The libretto utilizes some well-worn stage devices, but the music, judged by average Italian standards, makes no obvious concessions to popular taste. The general scheme of the opera is quite unlike that of the ordinary musical drama. It begins with a long prelude played in front of a dark stage. The scene gradually lightens, and a dim dawn on the crest of Fujiyama, followed by a hymn to the sun sung by an invisible chorus, recalls the opening of "Das Rheingold." Iris is a peasant girl, living with her blind father, who, like the blind lady in "La Gioconda," passes most of his time in telling his beads. A dissolute young nobleman, Osaka, wishes to seduce her, but, being unable to do so by direct means, disguises himself as one of a troupe of strolling players. He is assisted by one Kyoto, a semi-comic character not unlike our old friend Monostatos, grotesque and bestial at the same time. Before an audience consisting of Iris, her blind father, and a chorus of washerwomen, they perform a puppet play in which a girl who is bullied by her old father is carried off by a lover who is also a divinity. Iris is much excited by the play, and further bewildered by the symbolic dances of three masked Geishas, representing Beauty, Death, and a Vampire, in the middle of which two of Osaka's minions suddenly seize her and carry her off the stage. She makes no protest, and the blind man does not discover her loss until the stage has cleared. After a chorus of male peasants have shouted for her in vain, he sets off citywards to find her.

Act II. discovers her asleep under a mosquito-net in Osaka's palace. She is puzzled by her new surroundings,

and asks for her dolls. She tries to amuse herself by playing on the *samisen*, and her first attempts at instrumental music very nearly set the audience laughing again. Next she tries a little water-colour painting, but with no better success. She is bored, and so is Osaka. Kyoto frightens her by showing her a precipice under the window. As night draws on the chorus and her father appear outside, and after her father has solemnly cursed her, she throws herself out of the window.

Here one would expect the opera to end; but there is yet another act, preceded by yet another lengthy introduction in the dark. At the foot of the precipice, rag-pickers with lanterns are at work, looking curiously like Nibelungen, and every now and then striking on something which gives a familiar anvil clang. They find the body and run away. Vaguely visible like Erda in the rock-cleft, Iris begins to sing, and we also hear a solo from Osaka, Kyoto and the blind father in turn, singing off the stage. These solos appear to symbolize the "egoisms" of the three characters. Iris stands up, and invokes the sun. The precipice disappears, displaying her surrounded by her numerous—and in the case of Miss Margaret Sheridan, well-deserved—floral tributes, with an elaborate Japanese landscape in the background, in the centre of which is a high bridge in the shape, though not in the colours, of a rainbow. Arpeggios rise from the orchestra, mysterious voices from the wings; Iris vanishes, and we expect her at any moment to mount the rainbow bridge that leads to apotheosis—but I dare say Fricka told her that at Covent Garden bridges were not so safe as precipices.

Six years later Puccini showed us how Mascagni ought to have done the job. Signor Illica again provided a libretto; but his effusively sentimental stage directions were not wanted—the composer could do that part of the business himself, thank you. Also let us have less Wagner and a good deal more of "The Geisha." Local colour, too, should have been utilized more effectively: Mascagni professed to have used some Japanese melodies, but they were not very striking. He did not even write fat, vulgar Italian tunes like those of "Cavalleria"; must we even show him how to write his own style effectively? As to orchestration, Puccini can indeed give Mascagni lessons; so could any student of any conservatoire.

Yet with all its crudity and clumsiness, "Iris" is an opera which compels one's respect. It is not a great work, it is not even a pleasing work. But in spite of its ill-bred coarseness of expression, it can hardly be called vulgar. It has something of the helpless sincerity of Moussorgsky; but Mascagni had not the advantage of Moussorgsky's literary culture. Moussorgsky went down voluntarily into the abyss: Mascagni came from it and is trying to struggle out. In "Iris" he is grasping at all sorts of ideas which are beyond either his intellectual capacity to seize or his technical capacity to express. His inability to deal with Japanese local colour is in itself proof of this. He has no time to waste on "milk-punsch o' whisky"; he is concentrating on essential human emotions the whole time, except when he becomes involved in a strangely un-Italian type of mysticism. What prompted Covent Garden to resuscitate "Iris" at this late date is one of the innumerable mysteries of the Royal Opera. She would much better have been left on her dustheap; and not so many people would have found out whence the wise rag-picker conveyed his silks and jewellery.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS will publish immediately three important lectures recently delivered before the University: Lord Moulton's Rede Lecture entitled "Science and War"; Dr. J. W. Mackail's Leslie Stephen Lecture on Pope; and "Italian Studies: their Place in Modern Education," an inaugural address by Mr. Thomas Okey, first Professor of Italian in the University of Cambridge.

BRITISH SONGS

TWELVE SONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES. Arranged by H. J. Taylor, F.R.C.O., for choirs without tenors. (Arnold. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE LAUREATE SONG BOOK. Fitted with new settings by Thomas F. Dunhill. (Arnold. 2s. net.)

MR. TAYLOR's little book is an arrangement for S.A. and B. of twelve well-known British songs, of which "Tom Bowling" and "Annie Laurie" are typical. It does all that it sets out to do; the harmony is straightforward, whilst the parts move freely and are easy to sing. It will be welcomed by choirs that have no tenor, and by those that have to keep their tenors under restraint.

Mr. Dunhill's book contains thirty familiar songs, mostly of a similar type, for medium voice, with new accompaniments by Mr. Dunhill. The latter are simple and unobtrusive, except that in one or two places the harmony is rather of the "Hymns A. and M." variety. The version of "Dabbling in the Dew" is a very unsatisfactory one; the oscillation from Mixolydian to Ionian in the third and fourth measures gives one a strong impression that the tune has been faked by some village organist, who saw an opportunity for a modulation to what he no doubt imagined was the dominant. Folk-singers do change their intervals, but not as a rule in this particular way. It is stated in a footnote that the tune is an "adaptation," "founded chiefly on" a Cornish version. But why not use an authentic version without any adaptation? In his treatment of modal tunes generally Mr. Dunhill is tied by certain academic preconceptions: modern usage is on the whole against the chromatic sharpening of the seventh for harmonic purposes.

CONCERTS

MR. IVAN PHILLIPOWSKY's recital on July 7 proved him a fine pianist with limitations. He does not appear to be a Bach player; he played none of the Italian Concerto as if he were really enjoying it, and quite missed the infectious jollity of the last movement. But directly he came to Chopin he played with real power and imagination, and with a fine command of the instrument. And he did the most that could be done with Glazounov's B flat Sonata, although this machine-made piece of goods was not worth the talent expended on it. Altogether we shall be interested to hear Mr. Philipowsky again, the more so as he did not appear to be on the best of terms with his piano. We should imagine that his practising is done on an instrument of a totally different tone and touch.

SIR HENRY J. WOOD has accepted the musical direction of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, and will conduct their five choral concerts next season, commencing on November 5.

THE STATUE OF CHARLES I.—When the protections of the bronze statue of Charles I. in Whitehall were removed recently, occasion was taken to examine its condition. It was found that the name of the sculptor is inscribed on the plate securing the near fore-leg: "Huber Lesueur fecit 1633." Stow's history records that it was made by Lesueur for the "Earle of Arundell." At the beginning of the Civil War it was purchased to avoid its demolition by John Revett, brazier, of Holborn, who presented it to Charles II. at the Restoration. It was erected on its present site in 1674. The examination revealed serious cracks in the near fore-leg, and in front of the near fore-hoof, on which the bulk of the weight is supported; there were serious cracks round the root of the tail. These have been repaired by Messrs. Burton, the well-known metal founders. The statue was thickly covered in soot. The figure of the King was found to be excellently preserved, while the casting of the horse proved to be very poor, unequal in thickness, with numerous patches and fractures. The condition suggests that the figure of the King and the saddle-cloth were cast separately from the horse, which was cast in a badly mixed bronze. The horse and the figure appeared to be complete, save that the sword and part of the sword-strap are missing. They were in 1810 in the possession of a Mr. Isaac who was ordered to return them to H.M. Office of Works; but after being once more placed in position, they again disappeared, and have never since been recovered.

Drama

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

RICHARD MAINWARING came on his father's side of a newly enriched race of cotton operatives; his mother, Lady Mainwaring, belonged to the county. On the top of a London omnibus he found an adorable little girl, who lived in Bloomsbury, where her mother, a plumber's daughter, kept a lodging-house and looked after her husband, a disgraced don tipping himself into final ruin. Richard and Tilly got engaged in haste and went in a leisurely way to show themselves to Richard's parents. Then Lady Mainwaring—

But this, you say, is an incredibly old story. No doubt: but it is none the worse for that. It is a story even more common off the stage than on it. And there was just one way of treating it that would have been original. It might have been treated with an honest attempt to interpret humanly a situation that often occurs. Mr. Ian Hay prefers the cheaper course. This is how he sets to work.

The rise of the curtain shows the familiar patrician mother bullying the stage curate. After a little exposition the lovers arrive and Lady Mainwaring applies the refrigerator to Tilly in the well-known way. Miss Marie Illington, who knows the tradition, does it perfectly. Nothing is lacking but the lorgnette. Tilly's brother (a draper's assistant) arrives on his motor-cycle to do some belated chaperoning. In get-up and manner he suggests a music-hall comedian impersonating a bounder on Brighton front. As there is no real effort to individualize either of these types, the author must suppose titled ladies and young men in shops to be by nature cads.

Perhaps Mr. Ian Hay himself feels the question is one that cannot be answered, for he suddenly determines to transfer the whole affair to the region of fantastic farce. He whisks us to Bloomsbury and a magician appears. This is Mr. Stillbottle, broken-down actor and man in possession at Tilly's mother's bankrupt lodging-house. The Mainwarings pay a state visit, Mr. Stillbottle is made to play the part of old family butler, there is an uproarious tea-party with all the catastrophes inevitable (in the theatre) when the "vulgar" play at being gentlefolk, and the crisis comes. Mr. Bouchier can of course do this sort of thing on his head. Mr. Aynesworth, standing by as the decayed scholar, tactfully suggests what he could do if he had a genuine character.

How Tilly earns her happy ending is not at all necessary to relate. For Tilly is the great unreality of this unreal piece. Richard is at least plausible. He passes, with the help of Mr. Geoffrey Kerr's agreeable playing, for the sort of young man he is meant to be. But if Tilly was to move us for a moment we had to be shown her sweetness of character—winning hearts despite the warping of manner and mind that her sordid upbringing would have imposed on her. Instead, she is not only lovely to look at—Miss May Glynne sees to that—and angelic as befits a "heroine," but a pattern of daintiness and refinement, without the trace of an accent, the shade of a vulgar idea. There is no courage in winning this Princess, for she has never been captive. If Lady Mainwaring refused such a little lady for a daughter-in-law because her maternal relatives dropped their *h's* the world, her own world, would condemn her. It does condemn her, vociferously, at every performance. When a London playhouse is filled with people applauding a young man of birth for marrying a girl who drops her *h's* for herself, and finds her ideals of beauty and grandeur in the local cinema and music-hall just because of his appreciation of her character, then something will have been achieved. That day is in no hurry to peep above its horizon. Mr. Ian Hay, meanwhile, takes no risks.

Communications

EMOTION AND ART

THE nouns "feeling" and "emotion," the verb "to feel," the adjective "æsthetic," occur with a frequency of almost hypnotic effect in criticism and theory of art. It would be an excellent thing, then, if somebody understood what in the ordinary contexts these words refer to. It may cause surprise to hint that there can be any doubt about this. Certainly, most critics write as though they knew none, and, I suspect, most readers are too familiar with the phrases which contain them to ask what their meaning is. But a very little analysis of any assertion about works of art and emotions, especially if qualified by the term "æsthetic," will destroy this confidence.

Psychologists have, and will long have, difficulty in deciding whether feeling is a direct relation of the mind to its objects (such as, in some cases, is "thinking of"), or a quality of "thinkings of," or a quality of somatic experience causally correlated with and accompanying "thinkings of." I take this last assumption, the James-Lange view, but the points I wish to make could be stated upon any assumption as to the nature of feeling. I shall be concerned with a group of distinctions which any doctrine of feeling must allow for. The assumption may be stated as follows:—As we think of this and that, our consciousness throughout varies and is modified as this and that vary. The stuff of consciousness at any moment contains a host of elements contributed by sensations due to visceral and vascular changes. It is believed that every change of thought is accompanied by some degree of general organic change. Add to this the plausible possibility that we have images of these organic sensations just as we have images of tastes and movements. The assumption is that feeling is this bodily sensation and imagery aroused through a complex system of instincts by the things we think of. A mass of this sensation and imagery, of definite internal structure, is, on this assumption, what is referred to as a feeling or emotion. To think of anything by the mediation of such a mass is to feel it; just as to think of anything by means of a visual image is to visualize it. When any sensation or image is a mediating form by which we think of something, then it has meaning, and this something, which may be real or ideal, is its meaning. Sometimes a thing's meaning is something directly connected with it, as when certain visual sensations mean that the surface we are looking at is green, or certain visceral sensations mean that we have indigestion. At other times the meaning is more remote, as, when hearing a voice, we judge not about the movements of someone's tongue, but about what is being said; or, feeling disgust, we judge not about our insides, but about the nature of whatever is arousing our disgust.

Now how do emotions come into art? My thesis is that they come in in at least six different ways, and that unless we know which of these is referred to we had better not either make or attend to any assertions about æsthetic emotions and works of art. To display the great differences between the ways in which emotions come in, I must use the distinction between propositions and vehicles. A proposition is what is meant by any sensible form which has a meaning. A vehicle is any sensible form which has a meaning, or gives access to, or places before the mind, a proposition or import.

The first incidence of emotion is simply as part of a vehicle. We may have full acquaintance with the form of a work of art, and yet fail to apprehend it because our state of mind in contemplating it is incomplete. Emotion, which should be directly aroused by the form and which is necessary to the apprehension of the import of the form, may be lacking. The form without the emotion may be like half a sentence, conveying nothing. Completed by the emotion, it may suddenly become adequate and convey its meaning. Emotion so occurring is most commonly confused with the meaning (import or proposition) which it helps to convey. It is true that when we have the emotion, we apprehend, if all else is well, the import; but the emotion is no more the import than a teacup is a cup of tea.

The second incidence of emotion is due, when it occurs, to the nature of some imports. Most, but not all, of the imports

with which art deals arouse emotion when grasped. The difference between this second case and the other is seen very clearly if we compare the emotions which accompany the reading of any tragedy, which are necessary to the understanding of the tragedy, with the emotions which ensue as the import of the tragedy is understood. The first will probably be painful, will almost certainly be constricting; the second will be emotions of expansion and release. There is a certain uniformity about the latter emotions, which has helped to mislead theorists to the conclusion that the function of art is just to arouse these emotions. That this is a mistake becomes plain when we consider that we can imaginatively and actually arouse these emotions in the absence both of works of art and of the apprehension of imports: directly, that is to say, as a sentimental exercise. With a little practice this becomes quite easy. Such feelings owe their ridiculousness not to any defects as feelings, but to the absence of their really valuable appropriate causes, apprehensions of imports. To suppose that these feelings are the end and aim of art is like supposing that the end and aim of coal-fires is smoke.

Next we have the emotion which arises from a perception of the perfect fitness of vehicle to proposition. This naturally develops most in connection with forms of art whose vehicles do not contain emotion—forms, that is, from which the first incidence is absent. Some people, through what I should call an over-specialization of sensitiveness, would exalt this emotion above all others.

Before passing to the next way in which emotion may be involved in art, we must deal with a problem. Are there two ways of being a work of art, or only one? I hold that there is only one—by being a communication of an import of a certain order. Others hold also that there is only one way—by arousing certain specific emotions, "aesthetic emotions," supposed to be peculiar to works of art. This view seems to me to have a small initial plausibility which disappears completely upon analysis. For if works of art are defined, as has been done, as just those things which do arouse these emotions, then to say that they do so is a triviality; and if they are not so defined, then how they come to arouse them must be explained. For this reason it is usual to allude to works of art as "significant." But "significant" as applied to art is either an idle term or else comes under the more general notion of being a vehicle, and only by being a vehicle does anything become a work of art. There are, however, wide ranges of emotions which are aroused by works of art and yet do not help to convey meaning. Sometimes they interfere with the conveyance of meaning, and then their arousal is a defect of the work of art. Sometimes they act as a kind of bait to attract attention and to hold it through the necessary intervals in the real performance. These may be called irrelevant or mere emotions, no disparagement being intended. Often they are delightful, and to be delightful is as respectable a property as anything can possess. On the other hand, when they are not delightful no excuse justifies their occurrence, since they do not, as many undelightful things may do, carry meaning.

The two remaining modes in which emotion is aroused by works of art raise no obvious problems. Emotion occurs in connection with the ease or difficulty with which we apprehend an import. Apprehension of no matter what import, if performed with ease, but not with too much ease, is accompanied by a lightening and lifting emotion which may amount to joy. Bafflement, on the other hand, in apprehending an import, which is suspected but not grasped, may lead to distress. These effects are of interest in considering repetition and familiarity and resultant modifications of emotion. Finally, to see any difficult thing done with success arouses emotion. All technical triumph, if we appreciate it, does so, whether the master is a juggler or a sonnet-writer.

These are, I think, the six most important ways in which emotions come into the contemplation of works of art. All of them can be found in current criticism masquerading as aesthetic emotions. Is it too much to require that critics should make up their minds before writing to which of these they wish to refer, or, if to none of these, to which other case not stated here? I sometimes think that if this demand could be pressed, it would dry up for a long time our chief critical and æsthetical springs.

IVOR RICHARDS.

Correspondence

LITERARY PRIZES

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—With reference to the article in THE ATHENÆUM of July 4 headed "Literary Prizes," in which the statement is made that "The British Academy awards—at what interval we have forgotten—a Polignac prize for the most distinguished work of imaginative literature published during the interval," and in which various other statements occur in respect of "the British Academy," in relation to its alleged awards of prizes for works of imaginative literature, I beg leave to point out that the British Academy is not in any way concerned with the Polignac prize nor with any prizes for imaginative literature. It is much to be regretted that THE ATHENÆUM is not acquainted with the objects of the British Academy, namely, "the promotion of historical, philological and philosophical studies"; imaginative work does not come within the scope of its activities.

Yours, etc.,

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ,
Secretary of the British Academy.

Burlington House, W.

[We regret exceedingly that we should have confused the British Academy with the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature, an entirely separate institution, which awards the Polignac prize. The criticisms of the British Academy in the leading article of THE ATHENÆUM, July 4, must be read as applying to the Academic Committee, which we had wrongly imagined to be a committee of the British Academy.—Ed.]

OUR INACCESSIBLE HERITAGE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your interesting and otherwise admirable leading article in THE ATHENÆUM for July 11 you make one statement—or rather ask one question—which seems hardly fitting in so erudite a journal. You write: "How is a man who has not the money to afford the folios to acquire complete Ford, Webster, Dekker, Kyd, Marston and the rest?" And you go on to refer to the "Everyman" Ben Jonson as the only edition of Elizabethan drama—Shakespeare excepted—available to the man of slender means.

Surely you have overlooked the not-too-much-to-be-praised "Mermaid" Series. It is true that the formerly half-crown pocket edition costs now twice that amount; it is also true that only in the case of Robert Greene among the Elizabethans, and of Congreve, Wycherley and Steele of the "Augustans," are the editions complete, being in the other instances "best plays." But the kind of reader to whom you refer is not likely to want a complete Beaumont and Fletcher, and the ten of their plays in this series make a good beginning.

On the subject of cost, there remains this to be said. There are plenty of copies of the old 8vo edition, both Vizetelly's and Unwin's, to be obtained at prices from three to five shillings, if you know where to look for them. I'd guarantee to find for any book-lover who had, say, a couple of pounds to spend, nine to a dozen volumes of the best Elizabethans, in thoroughly good condition, and containing, at a very moderate estimate, a year's reading of the best.

And I wouldn't even take a commission, as this is not an advertisement!

Yours, etc.,

A. L. B.

Hampstead,
July 12, 1919.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your article entitled "Our Inaccessible Heritage" in your issue for July 11, while thanking you for your reference to our "Everyman" Ben Jonson, may we point out that we include in this series a volume of selected plays of Beaumont and Fletcher?

Yours faithfully,

J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.

[Though we are pleased to print these letters, we would remark that our observations with regard to the Elizabethans were confined to complete editions.—Ed.]

SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have just read in your current issue the article on "Slang in War-Time," and I am the more anxious to point out a number of inexact and incorrect statements because, with the authority of such a journal behind them, they may in future years come to be accepted as authoritative and correct.

I have always been interested in the subject of slang, and having served almost continuously in France from 1914, I have had good opportunities of following the rise and growth of active-service slang.

Your contributor says "'Bimf,' army correspondence, is a riddle." I don't think it is to any soldier in France. It is a contemptuous allusion to the usual mass of correspondence and orders as being paper fit only for certain ignoble cleansing purposes, and, spelt with a *u* instead of *i*, the word is common and has an easily traceable origin.

I am not a Hindustani scholar, but, being familiar with Indian army soldiers all my life, can certify the correctness of the assumption that "cushy" (easy, pleasant), "rooty" (bread), "bundook" (rifle), are all more or less corrupted native words picked up by the soldier in India who learned "to sling the bat" ("bat" itself being another native word for "the language"). "Blighty" is a similar corruption of "Belati," the Indian word for our country across the sea from them. All these terms were adopted by the New Armies from the "Old Contemptibles," to whom they were common barrack language. The "ack dum" (at once) which puzzles your contributor is another adoption from Hindustani, although to me it sounds more like "ek dum." I have no doubt some of your readers familiar with Hindustani can give the correct spelling and pronunciation of these and many more words in common use in the old Regular Army, of which some have been kept up by the New and others allowed to drop. But the worst error your contributor makes is in attributing "dixie" (a field-service kettle) to the American army, and the elaborate explanation of the connection with the American "Dixie" and Mason-Dixon's line is ingenious but quite unfounded. "Dixie" was in common use in the army in which I served in the South African war. It was familiar to me years before when as a youngster I heard it used by my father and brother and uncles, all old soldiers. It is another Indian native word, originally "deckshie," and meaning a pot or vessel.

The names given—"coalbox," "Jack Johnson," etc.—were all for low-velocity and not "high or low velocity" shells. The high-velocity ones commonly known were the field-gun's light shell, usually fired at close range; and since the rush of arrival and bang of the burst came practically together they were well named "whizz-bang" and "pip-squeak."

There was no "linguistic haziness" about the use of "Boloism," and it had no connection, as assumed, with "Bolshevism." Surely the trial of the traitor Bolo ought to be well enough known to indicate the origin without dragging in "diabolo," the devil. "Bolo House" (Hotel Cecil, H.Q. of Air Ministry) was so named because men in the R.F.C. in France always swore it was staffed with villains who were betraying and "crashing" the fighters.

And to "have cold feet" is a good deal older than this war, and was common American slang years ago. For "carry on" I fancy the Army is really indebted to the sister service. Certainly I knew it as a common Navy word long before I heard it in the Army.

Yours truly,
BOYD CABLE.

July 11, 1919.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your contributor's inquiry, "ack dum" is from Urdu *ek dam*, literally "one breath." "Blighty" comes from *bilad-i*, signifying one's native land.

"Wangle" is a technical term of the printing craft denoting the adjustment of any matter to meet the exigencies of circumstances. "Dixie" is not slang, nor does it come from America, but from the Hindustani *degshi*, meaning a cooking pot.

"Bimf" for Army correspondence is new to me, but the fundamental derivation of the word is obvious when one considers to what base uses Army forms and papers are by nature liable to be relegated.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR HARVEY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I add one or two more army slang terms? "Tin hat" or "brass hat" for general officer.

"Red hat" for military police.

"Emma Gee," "Tock Emma," and a host of others on the lines of the O.Pip you mention.

"Gun fire" for early morning tea.

The sergeant's injunction at reveille to "show a leg," meaning get up.

"Latest cookhouse official," meaning a rumour on which no reliance can be placed.

"A Jock" for a Scottish soldier might almost be called slang. London Scottish soldiers on the other hand are always "Scotties."

A soldier refers to a shell that kills him as "having his name and number on it," but perhaps that is poetry, and not slang.

"Padre" and "pozzy" (for jam) are perhaps two of the very few slang terms the New Army took over from the old. "Orderly dog" for orderly officer is rather obvious.

"Running a man" means bringing a charge against him for orderly room.

"He has that trench taped" means the enemy has got its range. "I got you taped," an N.C.O. may say to a man, meaning "I know what you are up to."

"Telling off on parade" may be old.

"Chewing a man's ears off" was new to me, though ears is not the part of the anatomy generally referred to.

The phrase "to go on a course" is almost a slang idiom. In military hospitals "going to the pictures" for being operated on is quite universal.

Yours truly,

REGINALD O. KAPP.

With a view to making the record of war slang in THE ATHENÆUM as complete as possible, we should welcome further communications from our readers on this subject. We should be glad if, in the case of words not in general use, correspondents would indicate exactly where they are used. —ED.]

CANADA AND THE ENGLISH BOOK TRADE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—

You are, of course, sound in your contention that politically speaking the Dominion of Canada is part (and, as history has shown, a very loyal part) of the Great British Commonwealth. Commercially, however, the Dominion is becoming more and more a connection of the United States, and I do not see how this tendency is to be withstood. During the past four years the communication between London and Toronto has been slow, and often interrupted for months together, and Toronto has naturally looked to New York for supplies of books which could be secured in the American issues, and for which their customers made immediate requirement.

The above is a quotation recently received from an old and respected friend, an American publisher, and was a rejoinder to some questions I raised; and it seems to me that it represents American opinion and practice. It suggests several "rocks ahead," and deserves the serious consideration of publishers and authors, who, it seems, are faced with a serious menace.

During the war America was quick to seize the opportunity to extend her already growing trade with the Dominion, and the exportation of English authors' books, copyright and non-copyright, from the U.S.A. to Canada, increased rapidly. If to Canada, why not to Australasia and other British Dominions?

The Canadian Copyright Bill now before the Senate seems, at first sight, helpful in the interests of British publishers and authors, but it must be closely watched.

It is to be regretted that authors are not more alive to national interests when they permit their agents to sell the rights of their books to an American publisher, and at the same time throw in, by way of a makeweight, the Canadian

market. Canada should be permitted to import sheets or bound books from the British publisher, thereby providing for British printers and binders work which is at present deliberately placed in America by the British author or his agent.

Another point to which I should like to call attention is the publication of English books by English authors in the States prior to, and sometimes considerably in advance of, publication in Great Britain and the British Dominions. This is a very serious matter, and indeed amounts to an attack on our Canadian and other markets.

Only recently I have seen quotations in the English press from American reviews of new novels by English authors which are not yet published in London. Thus the American publisher is permitted to get first into the field, and at once the trade in Canada (and possibly Australasia) is lost to Great Britain.

English publishers must insist on simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic, and even then they are geographically handicapped as far as the Canadian market is concerned.

Yours faithfully,

T. FISHER UNWIN.

THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Apropos of Reynolds's great portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which has recently been in the centre of the stage, I would like to call public attention to the fact that the most authentic and undeniable portrait of the great actress has, to the best of my belief, never been reproduced in any way. I allude to the life-mask which is to be seen in the Sloane Museum. I had heard of it, but on a visit about a year ago, I could not find it on a cursory inspection: however, one of the curators was obliging enough to look up a plaster cast which he believed was the mask in question. In the front view, the thick-set, rather masculine face of a person about forty, I should say, so surprised me that I expressed a strong belief that it was not Mrs. Siddons at all! However, the curator looked up a catalogue which confirmed his belief: he then proceeded on the spot to write Mrs. Siddons's name in pencil on the edge of the cast. Rather unwillingly convinced, I now examined the two profiles, when I had reason to change my mind, as in these the noble, essentially feminine and Sibiline look was clearly revealed—how hidden in the full face I cannot say. Not that I question the resemblance of the numerous authentic portraits, for they all resemble each other. I have read (I think Mrs. Jameson was the witness) that Gainsborough's portrait in the National Gallery was very like her, even in old age. Gustave Bourcard in his "Cinq Siècles de Gravures" says that of the nearly 300—I am quoting by memory—known portraits of Marie Antoinette, about seven or eight may have been like her, as they resemble each other, but that the remainder are works of pure imagination!

It is, I think, only in quite modern times that the extraordinary value of the life- or death-mask as a portrait record has been recognized. How infinitely do the death-mask of Napoleon, and the life-mask of Keats surpass in interest all other portraits of them! And the so-called Torrigiani death-mask of Dante, which in its combination of power and refinement Sir Frederick Leighton thought the most beautiful of all human faces known to him! And what would we not give for a life- or death-mask of the greatest of all Englishmen—William Shakespeare? Personally I share the belief of Sir Richard Owen and some other celebrities, that the famous Kesselstadt death-mask of some man who died in 1616, the death-year of our poet (the date being inscribed on the plaster when still wet), really does represent the features of the Homer of the Anglo-Saxon race. There are two interesting and admirably illustrated books by Paul Wislizenus in the British Museum library, in which the question is discussed with Teutonic thoroughness. Intuitively one feels on looking at the face that it is that of a great man with a curiously universal look. One cannot say that it is obviously English, French, Italian, or Spanish: it looks like a Man, which is just what one would expect Coleridge's *murionous* or thousand-souled one to look like!

To return, however, to the mask of Mrs. Siddons, I think its obscurity is due to the rather unattractive photographic impression that it makes; the portraits by the artists have

so much more charm and suggestion of glamour! I do not know if any other copy exists of this mask, which I suspect was made by Flaxman or Nollekens, but I certainly think that the National Portrait Gallery ought to have a copy

Yours, etc., H. M.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Criticizing critics in their own journal is the type of futility, nor do I expect publication of this at all; but it is curious that two otherwise able reviews in the issue of May 23 (to my hand to-day) sterilize their conclusions by omitting their subjects' best work entirely.

T. S. E. evaluates Henry Adams at a page and a half, length, and says he "wrote a book on the thirteenth century": nothing else mentioned. But Henry Adams's nine-volume "History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison" is an enduring classic, one of the three or four large works on U.S. history sure of permanence, and which on a score of vital points has made a landmark far forward; with much debatable and some things wrong, every discussion since begins with this as the point of reckoning. Also, his "Life of John Randolph" first raised his hero from the general position of a half-crazy freak, with his whims for guide, to that of a statesman of insight and foresight.

S. L. on Joel Chandler Harris (who, by the way, if called "Chandler Harris" in this country, would not be recognized by any but a very few literates) has no word for his remarkable stories of the South, such as "At Teague Potet's," "Free Joe" (a masterpiece of history, pathos beyond tears, and fine literary art), etc.: social and historical studies of the highest value, truth, and charm, and as tenderly impartial as God.

Hartford, Conn., June 24, 1919. [FORREST MORGAN.

OFFICIAL STATISTICS

SIR,— To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

1. It is a matter of common knowledge to all who have had occasion to use official statistics, whether published or departmental, that the national and imperial equipment for obtaining and publishing statistical data is very imperfect in its scope and inadequate in its machinery.

2. Further, the efforts made are departmental, are under no common controlling or directing authority, and suffer very gravely from lack of co-ordination.

3. There is no need to adduce proofs of these statements, nor to enumerate the various efforts—fruitless in the main—which have hitherto been made to remedy these defects.

4. The Council of the Royal Statistical Society have appointed a special Committee to deal with the subject in the belief that the time is now ripe for a new movement in the direction of reform, and that the consciousness of the existing defects is present to the minds of His Majesty's Ministers, members of Parliament, and civil servants, as well as to others interested in statistics.

5. It is proposed to petition His Majesty's Government to set up a Parliamentary Committee to examine the whole question of the collection and presentation of public statistics, and to report on means of improvement. It is believed that this method of procedure is more likely to be effective than the pressing of specific proposals on His Majesty's Ministers.

6. The officers of the Local Government and other public bodies as well as of scientific societies are being invited to bring the matter at once before their councils. Moreover, publicists and others who are known to be interested are being approached directly.

7. We ask the courtesy of your columns to lend support to this movement, and we invite your readers to help with their influence and signatures. The Council will be glad if all who are disposed to sign such a petition would communicate with the Secretary, Official Statistics Committee, Royal Statistical Society, 9, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2. A copy of the petition will then in due course be sent to them for signature.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEOFFREY DRAGE,

Chairman, Official Statistics Committee.

Foreign Literature

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

MA VIE MUSICALE. Par N. A. Rimsky-Korsakov. Adaptation par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. (Paris, Lafitte et Cie. 4fr. 55.)

ALTHOUGH Rimsky-Korsakov's memoirs, or parts of them, are here for the first time made accessible to the general reader, yet the first sensation, as one turns the pages, is of something very like familiarity. That is quite natural. Both in this country and France much interest has been taken for the past few years in Russian musical history, and a good deal has appeared in the form of essays and biographies of various Russian composers. In these the information contained in the memoirs has largely been incorporated; for the authors naturally drew much of their material from a volume that is a perfect storehouse of first-hand information and covers a most vital period in the development of Russian music—viz. from 1861 to 1906. Those who now make their first direct acquaintance with the memoirs may conceivably feel a slight disappointment that the author, while talking so freely about his work, contrives to reveal so little of his personality. For of the writer himself one can hardly form a clearer picture at the end of the book than one had before; he has a severe predilection for facts; and though he freely criticizes both himself and others, the object of his criticism is as a rule the work rather than the man, and the tangible objective qualities of such work rather than its poetic import. As a typical instance of his style, take the following (opening of chap. xii.):—

During the season 1880-81, the Free School gave only one concert. Among the orchestral pieces I performed my "Antar" and Berlioz's "Carnaval de Rome." Among the choral pieces, Moussorgsky's "Defeat of Sennacherib" was performed. The composer assisted at the concert and had several recalls. This was the last occasion on which a work of his was performed during his life. A month afterwards he was taken to hospital in a fit of delirium tremens. He was attended by Dr. L. B. Bertenson.

Such grave impersonality is rare in a biographer; it is nearer the manner of a good historian. Certainly it is the antithesis of the calculated indiscretion, the rambling anecdotage that fills too many a page of musical reminiscence.

Possibly the author lets himself go more in the parts of his work that are not included in the present volume, which is an abridgment as well as a translation. The principle of selection is indicated in the title; the aim has been to put before the public, firstly, Rimsky-Korsakov's account of his own activities as a composer; secondly, his relations with the rest of the famous "bande puissante"—Balakirev, Cui, Moussorgsky, and Borodin—which developed the idea of musical nationalism originated by Glinka; and finally the gradual replacement of the "cercle Balakirev" by the more eclectic "cercle Belaiev" as the musical centre of gravity in Russia. Of the "bande puissante," Borodin is the one who remained, personally and artistically, most congenial to the author. With Balakirev and Moussorgsky he rather fell out over the question of technique—a dispute in which it is futile to take sides; one man honestly finds that counterpoint helps him to manage his ideas, another no less honestly that he can only work by diligently forgetting all he learned in the schools. In political language, Rimsky-Korsakov veered to the right, the other two kept uncompromisingly to the left: the former became suspect as a "conservative" to the nationalist apostles, and in his turn rails at the "dilettantisme effronté," "solfège monstrueux," "modulations d'un illogisme frappant" of Moussorgsky. Yet he found in the latter's unfinished

works "une telle originalité . . . que leur édition apparaissait indispensable," and with rare self-sacrificing devotion set himself to knock them into shape, just as later he did for his friend Borodin. It is notorious that the works of Borodin and Moussorgsky required what is euphemistically called "a bit of running through," but the full extent of their obligation to Rimsky-Korsakov is not generally realized. "Khovantschina," "Sorotchinsk Fair," "Nuit sur le Mont Chauve," "Prince Igor"—in all these he had not merely to do the whole of the orchestration, but to reconstruct, and sometimes actually compose, missing numbers. It is to him that we owe the survival of these masterpieces in presentable form; it might have been the life-work of a lesser man, and for it, even had he never written a note himself, history would be eternally indebted.

LA CRITICA: RIVISTA DI LETTERATURA, STORIA E FILOSOFIA. Diretta da B. Croce. Anno XVII, fasc. 1, 2. (Bari, Laterza, 2 lire.)—The aim of *La Critica* has always been to prevent Italian studies from becoming superficial, and this has been maintained by Professor Croce and Professor Gentile even during the war. In the present numbers Croce continues his studies in the poetry of the nineteenth century with essays on De Vigny and Baudelaire. It is plain that the former is more congenial to him; indeed De Vigny is in some ways nearer to modern thought than Baudelaire. The two sides of De Vigny's life as writer and soldier suggested two questions to him: the rights and duties of the artist towards society, and the clash between his own duties as a soldier and his conscience as a man. An army always seemed to him a paradox, *une sorte de nation dans la nation*; and he looked forward to a time when negotiation would replace war, and mechanical invention make it impossible. The poetry of De Vigny has been called "philosophical" and pessimistic; but pessimism is too sweeping a term for a state of mind so complex and so individual as that of De Vigny. His faith in religion had gone, it is true, but there remained to him an outlook on nature which was essentially religious; experience had destroyed his belief in war and its ethical value, yet he could still admire courage and self-sacrifice. He could not find any meaning in life, yet he clung to all that was great and noble—vainly perhaps, but as if it were a debt of honour, a thing touching his dignity and his pride. "Does it not seem," Croce adds, "as if De Vigny treated God as gentlemen have treated kings who have failed in their duty? He seems to stand upon his rights as an equal, and almost 'demands satisfaction,' his attitude being that, not of a subject, but of one gentleman to another."

There are two more instalments of notes of lectures delivered by Francesco de Sanctis between 1839 and 1848. He is dealing with dramatic poetry, and speaking of the habit among critics of never mentioning Goldoni without bringing in Molière:

By doing so, you sacrifice all that is individual in both writers for the sake of making a few points of analogy. Molière and Goldoni resemble one another only in their genius: it is a profound mistake to look upon the one as the forerunner of the other, and I am inclined to think that the antecedents of Goldoni are to be found not in Molière, but in tragedy. When Goldoni began to write he was confronted by *commedia buffonesca* among the people, literary comedy among the cultivated, and *commedia piagnolosa*, tragi-comedy. He had not the strength, like Alfieri, to go against the current of his century; so he went with it and wrote comedies to please everybody. He began, pedantically enough, with rather dull comedies in verse; then, having struggled against masks and the *commedia dell'arte*, he eventually took in both of them. But he was best in comedy drawn from the lives of merchants and their families, which had its origin in human weakness.

Croce writes of "Monsieur de Fiore," the Neapolitan to whom many of Stendhal's letters are addressed. He has recognized an old acquaintance of the time of his researches on the Revolution of 1799, and discusses with immense learning and enthusiasm the intrigues and conspiracies carried on by "Monsieur de Fiore" and the Neapolitan exiles in Paris. This is perhaps the most important, and certainly the most interesting, of the contents of two good numbers.

M. BAZIN AND ALSACE

LES NOUVEAUX OBERLÉ. Par René Bazin. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

IN "Les Oberlé," eighteen years ago, M. Bazin studied the feelings of the Alsatians towards the nation that had conquered them and the nation from which they had been torn. In his new novel he takes up the subject again, but in different circumstances, for it opens on the eve of war in August, 1914, when the question confronting many Alsatians was whether they should obey the military summons, or listen to the call of sentiment, and perhaps of blood, and desert to France. The scene is a village in that part of Alsace which the French retained after their too hasty advance into German territory, a place close to the frontier where the invaders were received with open arms. Here two brothers, sons of a veteran of 1870, are managing a cotton mill. The brothers elect to go opposite ways.

The situation points to one of the agonizing melodramas that Ambrose Bierce, novelist of the American Civil War, used to revel in; but the nearest M. Bazin comes to this sort of tragedy is the fine incident in which the elder brother, doing sentry duty in the French lines, is obsessed with the idea that the man crawling towards him from the enemy trenches may be Joseph. After spasms of doubt, he fires, and then the doubts return again. He rushes forward to make sure, and falls badly wounded.

But M. Bazin's real object is to present the conflict of sentiment. Pierre, the elder brother, is Gaulois in temperament, Francophil in disposition. Joseph—it is the novelist's own word—is enigmatic, taciturn, and profoundly convinced that Germany is going to win. Treated very cavalierly and suspiciously on his arrival over the frontier, Pierre is almost ready to recant his belief in France, especially when he finds how little French methods and organization answer to the formidable German efficiency. Joseph, on the contrary, is slowly antagonized by the impassive ruthlessness of the German machine.

One chapter—a brilliant piece of descriptive work, though only a purple patch on the fabric—transfers the scene to the Eastern front, where Joseph is fighting. Outside Vilna, where the Russians have been heavily defeated, Joseph assists Lieut. Gervasius to marshal a banquet for the victorious general and his staff. After the revelry and drunkenness, the fine old mansion is systematically looted, and then wantonly shelled to pieces with all who are in it. Otto Gervasius is the Napoleonic soldier of melodrama, and the episode in which he is killed on the Western front, trying to prevent Joseph from deserting, is melodrama of rather good quality.

But, somehow, the story is not quite satisfactory. M. Bazin's forte is the portrayal of sentiment—a passive thing. It is another sort of business altogether to write a novel of action, and a novel of action this is, though the incidents of actual warfare are entirely subordinate to the dramatic events—Pierre's choice of France and Joseph's of Germany, Joseph's counter-change, and, after returning to Alsace as a non-combatant, his decision to fight for France, though he still believes in a German victory.

His brother is comparatively uninteresting, though he is the protagonist and the hero of the love-story, which gives M. Bazin all the opportunity he needs for extolling the old noblesse, the religion, and the unquenchable chivalry of France. But, unfortunately, there is that word "enigmatic." It is never made perfectly clear whether Joseph deliberately went against his own bent in choosing the German side, in order to insure the family fortune and his mother against the results of German

victory. He himself asserts that his motive is loyalty, but later in the book he contradicts this. The mother resigns herself when her two sons are in different camps; yet, when Joseph as well as Pierre joins the French army, she, the worshipper of France, violently opposes him, Mlle. Marie acts with strange inconsistency. In love-affairs, however, inconsistency is allowable. But these contradictions, or, if you like, these lacunæ in the sentimental chronicle, are scarce allowable to M. Bazin, who has not made clear and convincing the transition from sentiment to motive, or brought to light the elements in character that become the springs of action.

ENGLAND UND DIE SCHWEIZ. By Professor Wilhelm Oechsli. (Separatabdruck aus der "Neuen Zürcher Zeitung.")—To the profound regret of all students of history this little book proved to be Professor Wilhelm Oechsli's last published work. The chapters which it comprises originally appeared as articles in the "Neue Zürcher Zeitung," and were scarcely collected and issued before news arrived of his sudden death. Switzerland thus loses her most distinguished historian, whose books, monographs, and essays—chiefly known to English students are his chapters in the "Cambridge Modern History"—did so much to elucidate the position of the Swiss Confederation in the general historical evolution of Europe and her peculiar contribution to political thought.

The admirable bibliography appended to Professor Oechsli's brochure shows that until he undertook this piece of work, a separate consecutive study of Anglo-Swiss historical relations did not exist. Undoubtedly the principal facts could be extracted from any standard History of Switzerland, such as that of Johannes Dierauer, recently completed down to the year 1848, and from detailed studies such as Professor Theodor Vetter's "Literarische Beziehungen Englands und der Schweiz im Reformationszeitalter," a thesis presented to the University of Glasgow on the occasion of the 450th anniversary of its foundation. Professor Oechsli has gathered up the isolated particulars this and other documents provide, and out of them, adding several important pieces of research of his own, such as the relation of this country to the Zurich Revolution of 1839, has made a connected narrative of very considerable interest. His story begins with the dispatch to Zurich in the year 1514 of Richard Pace, the first English Ambassador to Switzerland, whose work it was to solicit an alliance with the "powerful Helvetian lords" against France. Peace with that country intervened and the project was dropped. A few years later Switzerland and England were brought into still closer relationship by the Reformation and by various wars, notably the War of the Spanish Succession—in which Swiss soldiers were induced to fight on the British side. Then follows the long and interesting story of England's support of Switzerland during the Napoleonic wars and at the Congress of Vienna, and finally a description of Great Britain's friendly policy at the time of the *Sonderbund* and in the Neuchâtel Question.

In spite of Professor Oechsli's lamented death we should like to express the hope that this little work might be put into English or French, and thus made accessible to a large number of English readers: also that someone may continue the work which Professor Oechsli unhappily left unfinished.

A SHORT RUSSIAN GRAMMAR. By W. I. Kon. (Melrose. 4s. 6d. net.)—M. Kon should not turn the limelight so fiercely on his own virtues as it sometimes serves but to illuminate his own delusions, e.g., his unfortunate theory of the pronunciation of the Russian back "l." We confess our eye is too dull to discern by what process the dross which M. Kon condemns in others is transmuted into gold merely by transference to his pages.

This book really belongs to the most fantastic days of the war, but with the present slump in Russian soul stock, the innumerable dowagers once patriotically engaged in projecting themselves into our Holy ally, and their daughters into Government departments, have transferred their emotional capital to more promising investments, we fear for good.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Charbonnel (J. Roger). L'ETHIQUE DE GIORDANO BRUNO ET LE DEUXIÈME DIALOGUE DU SPACCIO (traduction avec notes et commentaire): contribution à l'étude des conceptions morales de la Renaissance. Paris, Champion, 1919. 10 in. 340 pp. bibliog. ind. of names, paper, 10 fr. 195.1

An important contribution to the study of the Neapolitan philosopher of the Renaissance. M. Charbonnel gives a translation with a copious commentary of Giordano Bruno's second dialogue of the "Spaccio della Bestia trionfante." A review will appear.

Gaultier (Paul). NOTRE EXAMEN DE CONSCIENCE. Paris, Union Française [1919]. 7 in. 207 pp. paper, 4 fr. 170

M. Gaultier, reviewing the magnificent war effort of France, fears that it may indicate a merely temporary recovery from those ingrained national vices that were leading and may yet lead France to destruction. In order to do his part in averting this catastrophe M. Gaultier writes a series of chapters dealing vigorously and readably with the chief French vices, of which Individualism, the Critical Mania, Negligence, Indiscipline, Jealousy, Frivolity, are a selection.

The Road to the Stars; and other essays. By "An Officer of the Grand Fleet." Daniel, 1919. 7½ in. 100 pp. paper, 2/ n. 104

The general idea underlying these sixteen short essays is that man is essentially divine, and that, besides seeking to develop his human nature, he should attempt to cultivate the all-powerful life-instinct within him. The outcome of this development would be, according to the author, "a divine world built upon foundations of truth, whereas this world is built upon foundations of force and expediency."

200 RELIGION.

Harding (H. G.). THE LAND OF PROMISE. Church Missionary Society, 1919. 7½ in. 118 pp., 2/ 279.569

The author was sometime C.M.S. missionary at Gaza, and this sketch of the country and the people is largely concerned with the religions and with missionary work.

Prayers: Meditations: Addresses. Liverpool, Young & Sons, 12, South Castle Street, 1919. 5½ by 4 in. 38 pp., paper, 6d. n. 248

Petitions suitable for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and for use in various circumstances. The prayers are expressed in dignified and well-chosen language.

Scott (T. Bodley). THE RELIGION OF A DOCTOR. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 98 pp., 5/ n. 211

Dr. Scott's evidence is temperamental rather than scientific or philosophical, and he cannot be said to cast any fresh illumination on the problems of survival or divine government. From "the conclusive evidence of design in our creation, and of continuous control and direction through the years of our life," he deduces a higher authority for the duty to preserve perfect health and equilibrium of all our powers. Two further essays are included in the same covers. "Evolutionary Christianity" sees the unfolding of God's purpose in the evolution of the race. "On Labels" is a plea for the undenominational Deism in which Dr. Scott finds satisfaction.

Wesley Historical Society. PROCEEDINGS, vol. 12, part 2, June, 1919. Jarrow-on-Tyne, Rev. J. Conder Natrass, 5, Croft Terrace, 1919. 9 in. 24 pp. il. paper. 287.1

This part contains a paper on the ancestry and arms of the Wesley family, and the frontispiece is a representation

of the earliest extant impression of the Wesley arms. Other notable items are Wesley's letter to Lady Huntingdon on the Union of the Evangelical Clergy, April 20, 1764, and some "Stray Notes on Trevecka."

Wood (H. G.). RATIONALISM AND HISTORICAL CRITICISM. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7 in. 63 pp. paper, 1/ n. 211

The Warden of Woodbrooke Settlement has done well in putting his foot down upon the pseudo-historical ideas of Mr. J. M. Robertson's book on "The Jesus Problem," which restates a German idea that there never was such a person as Jesus. Mr. Wood rightly recognizes that general readers may be helped by seeing how unscientific Mr. Robertson's methods and presuppositions are. These lectures are an examination, in popular shape, of the general characteristics of so-called "Rationalist" criticism of the New Testament, which starts, as Mr. Wood declares, "with negative prejudices which it refuses either to doubt or to analyse." The examination is severe and searching, but it is not angry. The writer does full justice to Mr. Robertson's good qualities. There must be many people who are ignorant of Dr. Conybeare's brilliant demolition of Mr. Robertson, and it is for them that these trenchant half-dozen lectures are intended, with their cool exposure of the foibles that underlie some of the Rationalist treatment of the Gospels.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Bareilles (Bertrand). LE RAPPORT SECRET SUR LE CONGRÈS DE BERLIN: adressé à la S. Porte par Karathéodory Pacha, Premier Plénipotentiaire Ottoman ("Collection Bossard; Série Rouge"). Paris, Bossard, 1919. 6½ in. 197 pp. paper, 3fr. 90. 341.1

Accident enabled the author to take a copy of the original text of a confidential report addressed to the Sublime Porte by Karathéodory Pasha, who in 1878 took part, as Ottoman plenipotentiary, in the conferences of the Congress of Berlin. The full text of this highly interesting document is set forth in M. Bareilles' book. In the introductory comments it is suggested that at Berlin was forged the first link of the chain which little by little was to link up the Orient with the fortunes of Germany, and that England had no suspicion whatever of the German designs.

China. THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND CHINA: extracts from the speeches delivered by Viscount Bryce, H.E. C. T. Wang, and others at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 15th May, 1919. League of Nations Union, 22, Buckingham Gate, S.W. 1, 1919. 7 in. 20 pp. paper. 341.1

The speakers from whose addresses extracts are included in the pamphlet were Viscount Bryce, His Excellency Cheng-Ting Wang, Sir Charles Addis, Dr. H. A. Giles, Mr. C. A. McCurdy, and Major David Davies.

Cunningham (William). HINTS ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY ("Helps for Students of History," 14). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 8d. n. 330.942

See review, p. 624

Hattersley (Alan F.). THE COLONIES, AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION: an historical sketch, 1754-1919. Pietermaritzburg, Times Printing and Publishing Co., 1919. 7½ in. 118 pp. bibliog. paper, 1/6 n.; cl. gilt, 4/ n. 325

The author concludes his review of the history of Colonial relations with the Mother Country by giving reasons for his belief that parliamentary federation is not within the sphere of practical politics. He doubts also whether anything of the nature of an Imperial Zollverein, or Customs Union, would be practicable; and in any case it would not solve the problem of the control of foreign policy. An Imperial Council to deal with matters of foreign policy and defence, if it had executive functions, would be regarded by some of the Dominions with distrust. Mr. Hattersley considers that "resident Ministers" would have more influence on the British Government than representatives sitting in an Imperial Parliament, and this is stated to be the view of a number of leading Colonial statesmen. The British Cabinet would be ultimately responsible for vital decisions of war, peace, and foreign policy, but the voice which the Dominions would have in the counsels of the Empire, through resident Ministers, "would be no faint one. The only alternative, from the

point of view of the Colonies, is the sacrifice of a part of their autonomy, in order to obtain a very slight degree of formal control of Imperial policy. At present, colonial opinion is all against the slightest subordination of national self-government."

Marriott (J. A. R.). THE RIGHT TO WORK: an essay introductory to the economic history of the French Revolution of 1848. Milford, 1919. 7½ in. 97 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 335.4

This essay was written about seven years ago as an introduction to an edition of Louis Blanc's "Organisation du Travail" and Emile Thomas's "Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux," works which are of great interest to students of history and economics, and are particularly helpful towards a clear understanding of the French Revolution of 1848. The author of the essay is of opinion that the failure of the Ateliers Nationaux shows the results likely to accrue "in a rough-and-tumble world" from acceptance of the principles advocated by Louis Blanc; he argues that to admit a "right to work" can lead only, "as it did in 1848, to political confusion and economic disaster."

Newton (A. P.). AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF COLONIAL HISTORY ("Helps for Students of History," 16). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 46 pp. paper, 6d. n. 325
See review, p. 624.

New Zealand. STATISTICS OF THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND FOR THE YEAR 1917: in four volumes. Vol. 3, PRODUCTION; FINANCE; POSTAL AND TELEGRAPH. Ed. by Malcolm Fraser, Government Statistician. Wellington, N.Z., M. F. Marks, Govt. Printer, 1918. 13½ in. 236 pp. ind. paper. 319.931

Oechsli (Wilhelm). ENGLAND UND DIE SCHWEIZ. Zurich, Separatabdruck aus der "Neuen Zürcher Zeitung" vom 9, 13, 14, 16, 19 März, 1919. 7 in. 46 pp. bibliog. paper. 327.494
See review, p. 635.

Sharp (Frank Chapman). EDUCATION FOR CHARACTER: moral training in the school and home ("Childhood and Youth Series"). Indianapolis, Bobbs Merrill, 1917 [sic]. 8 in. 453 pp., \$1.25. 377.2

Deals thoroughly with principles and methods of training in moral thoughtfulness, both at school and in the home. Each chapter is provided with a large number of questions by way of exercises, and with a bibliography.

Whitehouse (J. Howard), ed. THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL: a symposium. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 155 pp. bibliog., 5/ n. 373.42

This book is a collection of the articles and letters printed in the *Nation* on the appearance of Mr. Alec Waugh's book "The Loom of Youth," together with some additional matter. It reflects very clearly the current diversity of opinion on the value of the training afforded by the English Public School. Most readers will probably conclude that the Public School is in grave need of reform.

400 PHILOLOGY.

Compston (Herbert Fuller Bright), ed. THE INSCRIPTION ON THE STELE OF MESA, COMMONLY CALLED THE MOABITE STONE; the text in Moabite and Hebrew, with translation ("Texts for Students," 9). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 16 pp. paper, 6d. n. 492.6

Students ought to be grateful for this booklet on two grounds: it is cheap, and it is scholarly. The editor hopes that "the Moabite (Phœnician) re-transcription may be of use to persons beginning the study of Semitic palæography." His careful pamphlet is sure to be of service in this and in other directions. It will enable readers to go on to the larger works by Driver and Bennett. Little over half a century ago this precious monument of the ninth century B.C. was discovered, and its historical and linguistic importance has been fully recognized. So far as is possible, this monograph brings students face to face with the original text of the stone, when they cannot visit it in the Louvre or consult the facsimile in the British Museum. The excellent work done by the S.P.C.K. in issuing these "Texts for Students" deserves to be praised.

***Perre (A. van de).** THE LANGUAGE QUESTION IN BELGIUM. Grant Richards, 1919. 9 in. 288 pp. map, diags., 12/6 n. 439.3—447

Of the Belgian population 60 per cent. are Flemings and 40 per cent. Walloons: most of the former know Flemish only, most of the latter French only. Thus there are "two groups of people separated by a linguistic boundary and speaking each its own language." Dr. van de Perre, in a careful study of the history of the two peoples and of the present position, combats equally the efforts of the Activists who sought German support for the Flemings, and the movement to force them to learn French. "The Flemish people must remain Flemish in their being and their language. . . The Walloons shall remain French." Plentiful statistics, a large map, and graphic diagrams illustrate the racial and linguistic distribution.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

India. RECORDS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, vol. 49, part 4, March, 1919. Calcutta, Geological Survey (Wesley & Son), 1919. 10 in. 52 pp. il. maps, ind., each part 1 rupee; vol. of 4 parts, 2 rupees. 555.54

This part contains three papers: "Possible Occurrence of Petroleum in Jammu Province; Preliminary Note on the Nār-Budhān Dome of Kotli Tehsil in the Punch Valley" (Mr. C. S. Middlemiss); "The Submerged Forest at Bombay" (Mr. T. H. D. La Touche); and "On some Infra-Trappeans and a Silicified Lava from Hyderabad, S. India" (Mr. K. Hallows).

Jordan (David Starr). ON A RARE SPECIES OF HALF-BEAK, HEMIRAMPHUS BALAO, FROM CUBA (no. 2277, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 2 pp. il. paper. 597

MacDonald (Donald Francis). THE SEDIMENTARY FORMATIONS OF THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE, with special reference to the stratigraphic relations of the fossiliferous beds ("Contributions to the Geology and Paleontology of the Canal Zone, Panama") (U.S. National Museum, Bulletin 103). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 21 pp. il. maps, paper. 560.986

A statement intended to make clear the stratigraphic relations of the deposits from which the fossils described in accompanying memoirs were obtained.

Means (Philip Ainsworth). DISTRIBUTION AND USE OF SLINGS IN PRE-COLUMBIAN AMERICA, with Descriptive Catalogue of Ancient Peruvian Slings in the U.S. National Museum (no. 2275, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 33 pp. il. bibliog. paper. 571.54

According to the author, the sling was used in ancient Mexico, Central America, and the northernmost portions of South America, but it was not the principal offensive weapon in the greater part of those regions. During the earlier periods, however, it may have been the chief long-range weapon in general use. In pre-Inca times the sling was especially important in certain coast regions of Peru. It was a favourite weapon, also, with the people in the mountains. The Incas extended its use. Mr. Means thinks that the sling was one of the "cultural elements" brought from Central America by the first settlers on the Peruvian coast, and that it thence spread inland, and over great tracts of the continent. There is no absolute proof that the sling was known in North America north of the Rio Grande before the coming of the white men. This interesting paper is largely based on the author's study of a remarkable collection of slings made in 1913 by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka.

Michael (Ellis L.). REPORT ON THE CHÆTOGNATHA COLLECTED BY THE U.S. FISHERIES STEAMER "ALBATROSS" DURING THE PHILIPPINE EXPEDITION, 1907-1910 ("Contributions to the Biology of the Philippine Archipelago and Adjacent Regions") (U.S. National Museum, Bulletin 100, vol. 1, pt. 4). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 46 pp. il. bibliog. ind. paper. 595.1

The collection is represented by twelve species of *Sagitta*, thirty-two specimens of *Pterosagitta draco*, six specimens of *Eukrohnia hamata*, five specimens of *Eukrohnia richardi*,

and three specimens of *Krohnitta subtilis*. *Sagitta philippini* is apparently new.

Morgan (C. Lloyd). EUGENICS AND ENVIRONMENT. Bale, Sons & Danielsson, 1919. 7 in. 82 pp. paper. 575.5

Prof. Morgan's little book is clear and elementary, granted his fundamental assumptions. We could wish, however, that the fundamental assumptions had been treated at greater length, and in such a way as to avoid the objections that occurred to us. There is a good deal, for instance, about the super-mediocrities and the feeble-minded. A feeble-minded person is defined by the College of Physicians as "one who is capable of earning his living under favourable circumstances, but is incapable, from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age, of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows, or of managing himself or his affairs with ordinary prudence." This very sweeping classification includes so many people we consider valuable, that we hesitate to say that the stock should be diminished. On the other hand, a world populated by civil servants, adduced by Prof. Morgan as super-mediocrities, does not awaken in us a passion of enthusiasm. The eugenists forget that one's scale of values varies with one's philosophy.

Oberholser (Harry C.). A REVISION OF THE SUB-SPECIES OF THE WHITE-COLLARED KINGFISHER, *SAUROPATIS CHLORIS* (Boddaert) (no. 2276, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 45 pp. paper. 598.2

The author's revision of the races of *Sauropatis chloris* is based upon the examination of 386 specimens, representing most of the recognizable sub-species.

Oberholser (Harry C.). THE RACES OF THE NICOBAR MEGAPODE, *MEGAPODIUS NICOBARIENSIS* BLYTH (no. 2278, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 4 pp. paper. 598.2

The material used in this study is in the U.S. National Museum, and consists almost wholly of specimens of birds collected by Dr. W. L. Abbott.

Oberholser (Harry C.). NOTES ON DR. W. L. ABBOTT'S SECOND COLLECTION OF BIRDS FROM SIMALUR ISLAND, WESTERN SUMATRA (no. 2282, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 26 pp. map, paper. 598.2

Science Progress: a quarterly review of scientific thought, work, and affairs: vol. 14, no. 53, July. Ed. Sir Ronald Ross, assisted by D. Orson Wood and J. Brontë Gatenby. Murray, 1919. 9½ in. 188 pp. paper, 6/ n. 505

Besides the valuable notices by Messrs. P. E. B. Jourdain, H. Spencer Jones, James Rice, and others, relating to "Recent Advances in Science," the current number contains articles on "The Water Economy of Maritime Plants" (Mr. T. G. Hill), "Some Palaeolithic Problems" (Mr. Henry Bury), and "Some Scientific Aspects of Cold Storage," part 2, by Messrs. Ingvar Jørgensen and Walter Stiles. Among the essay-reviews is an interesting paper by Mr. Joshua C. Gregory on "The Nature of Number," dealing with Mr. Bertrand Russell's "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy."

700 FINE ARTS.

Fletcher (C. R. L.), Walker (Emery), and Bell (C. F.). HISTORICAL PORTRAITS, 1700-1850: part 1, 1700-1800. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. See 920 BIOGRAPHY. 757

800 LITERATURE.

Classical Studies in Honor of Charles Forster Smith. By his colleagues ("University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature," 3). Madison, Wis., 1919. 9½ in. 190 pp. por. paper. 870-880

Notable from the literary point of view are two essays entitled "Seneca and the Stoic Theory of Literary Style" and "The Plain Style in the Scipionic Circle." The former describes the dictum "to speak well is to speak the truth" as the corner-stone of the Stoic theory of style, and shows how Seneca practised the doctrines of purity, clearness, concision, appropriateness, and figures that illuminate meaning. The second examines the Stoic theory of the plain style adopted

in the Scipionic circle, and shows how it is exemplified in the satires of Lucilius and Horace. The article "Britain in Roman Literature" catalogues literary allusions to Britain from Julius Cæsar to Florus. Other important studies deal with the Heracles myth and its treatment by Euripides, the source of Herodotus's knowledge of Artabazus, Horace, Pindar, Lucretius, the city of Rome, and an Egyptian farmer (circa A.D. 32-110), whose letters were unearthed twenty years ago in the Fayum.

Letts (W. M.), ed. CORPORAL'S CORNER. Wells Gardner & Darton [1919]. 7 in. 166 pp., 2/6 n. 826.9

In private life Maurice Jack was a schoolmaster, and also a great reader of books; hence the literary sense that makes these letters from his hospital bed to his former nurse so charming, and withal so unaffected. They are full of the infinite pathos of these last years, and deserve a place beside Donald Hankey's "Beloved Captain."

Pierce (Frederick E.). CURRENTS AND EDDIES IN THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC GENERATION. New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 9 in. 342 pp. bibliog. ind., 12/6 n. 820.9

See review, p. 616.

Theis (Grover). NUMBERS; and other one-act plays. New York, N. L. Brown, 1919. 7½ in. 114 pp., \$1.35 n. 812.5

The thinness of these miniature dramas would not be so obtrusive but for the grandiloquent puff on the cover. The "powerful" war-play, "Numbers," is coarse and unpleasant in the underlying thought. The Italian piece might make a striking "movie." "There's a Difference" is amusing, though as superficial and platitudinous as the rest.

Vincent (L.). GEORGE SAND ET LE BERRY. Paris, Champion, 1919. 10 in. 681 pp. il. pors. bibliog. ind. paper, 12 fr. 50. 843.82

A study of the people, events and places of le Berry, which exercised a lifelong influence on George Sand.

Vincent (L.). LE BERRY DANS L'ŒUVRE DE GEORGE SAND. Paris, Champion, 1919. 10 in. 368 pp. il. pors. maps, bibliog. paper, 12 fr. 50. 843.82

This study is, in a sense, a continuation of "George Sand et le Berry." It deals more specifically with the actual country than does the preceding volume.

Vincent (L.). GEORGE SAND ET L'AMOUR. Paris, Champion, 1917. 7½ in. 270 pp. il. pors. bibliog. apps. paper, 4 fr. 50. 843.82

"Lélia," as well as other works by George Sand, and the correspondence with Alfred de Musset, are the chief data upon which M. Vincent relies for his careful study of Madame Dudevant's psychology in relation to love. The main conclusion arrived at is that George Sand was temperamentally cold, and that her abnormal constitutional frigidity was coupled with an exceedingly active and brilliant imagination. This combination, in M. Vincent's opinion, explains some mysteries and paradoxes in the career of the gifted Frenchwoman.

Vincent (L.). LA LANGUE ET LE STYLE RUSTIQUES DE GEORGE SAND DANS LES ROMANS CHAMPÊTRES. Paris, Champion, 1916. 10 in. 400 pp. bibliog. ind. paper, 12 fr. 843.82

This study includes a glossary of the Berrichon vocabulary.

POETRY.

Dalston (D. F.). SONGS AND SHADOWS. E. Macdonald [1919]. 7½ in. 65 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

There is considerable feeling and a facile gift of expression in some of the pieces in this collection.

***Du Bellay (Joachim).** POÉSIES FRANÇAISES ET LATINES. Paris, Garnier, 1918. 2 vols. 7½ in. 603, 543 pp., 3 fr. each. 841.32

This complete edition of the works of the Renaissance poet is, in present conditions, a remarkable production. The paper and the type are admirable—a vast improvement on those used in many of the Garnier reprints—while the price could not well be more reasonable. The arrangement of the poems does not follow that of the last famous edition of Du Bellay, that of M. Chamard, but reverts (wisely in our opinion) to the chronological order followed by M. Marty-

Laveaux in his Lemerre edition of 1866. A review will appear.

Duff (E. Gordon), ed. SPARE YOUR GOOD. Cambridge, Univ. Press and Quaritch, 1919. 9 in. 24 pp. 2 woodcuts 10/6 n. 821.2
See review, p. 623.

Harris (E. Howard). AN EXILE'S LUTE. E. Macdonald [1919]. 7½ in. 86 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Harris sings rapturously of Wales, the "little land" of which the old romances provide the themes of many of his pleasing verses, such as "The Call of Caradoc," "The Return of Arthur," and "Gwyddno's Lament." There are also "Songs of the Present," including "Swansea Market," "Gwyneth," and other pieces. The book is dedicated "To Young Wales."

Mansfield (H. G.). BY JAFFA WAY; THE JUDAH 'ILLS; and other poems. Scott, 1919. 7½ in. 40 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

As a whole the collection is not remarkable; and certain of the rhymes, such as "Judah" and "viewed her," "globes" and "loads," and "high" and "be," might have been avoided.

O'Connor (Armell). A SINGER IN PALESTINE ("Mary's Meadow Series," 10). Ludlow, Mary's Meadow Press, 1919. 7½ in. 36 pp. por. paper, 2/ n. 821.9

A collection of tuneful verses, with a considerable infusion of mysticism and religious feeling. "The Door of Utterance," "Behind the Firing Line," and "The Return of Life" are among the more notable pieces. The book is dedicated to the 1/2 East Anglian Field Ambulance, the members of which were comrades of the author in Syria.

Romanes (Norman Hugh). WAR-SHRINE FRAGMENTS; and other poems. Oxford, H. G. Gadney, 2 and 3, Turl Street, 1919. 8½ in. 104 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

The "Fragments" include pieces entitled "The Tree," "The Crowd," "The Soldiers," "The Pilgrimage," and "The Vision," together with a Prologue and an Epilogue. There are in addition twenty-four miscellaneous items—among them several sonnets.

FICTION.

*Bazin (René). LES NOUVEAUX OBERLÉ. Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1919]. 7½ in. 551 pp. paper, 3fr. 50. 843.9
See review, p. 635.

Dehan (Richard). A SAILOR'S HOME. Heinemann, 1919. 8 in. 319 pp., 7/ n.

Written in the effortless, familiar style characteristic of magazine literature, these short stories are practically undistinguishable from hundreds of their kind. The author has evidently relied upon her large and loyal public being in holiday mood, for she has not troubled to create a new character, a new scene or a new situation. The comic sailor-man, elderly spinster, curate, stepmother—all are present; there are jokes about sitting on wasps' nests or falling back on spittoons; there is an illiterate confession or two written in comic spelling, a fine lady or two living in Jacobean halls and a highly-coloured picture of a little girl's adventure with our king. In fact, there is every reason why "A Sailor's Home" should be one of the great successes of the seaside circulating library.

Iver (Maud). THE STRONG HOURS. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 368 pp.

A war novel, thoroughly patriotic, and with more than a touch of sentiment. The treacherous German financier is a familiar figure, and custom has somewhat staled his infinite variety, but he still speaks with the forcible directness and grasp of his subject that make such a contrast with the good but simple sentiments of the right-minded hero. It is unfortunate that he is so wicked, for he is quite the most amusing character in the book.

Eyles (Margaret Leonora). MARGARET PROTESTS. E. Macdonald [1919]. 7½ in. 387 pp., 7/6 n.

Beginning in a state of white-hot indignation with men, whose faults are unmercifully lashed, though women also are not spared, the heroine of this story sets forth a number of unpalatable truths or partial truths. The picture may be unduly sombre; but in regard to the monotonous lives of very

many married women, and the selfishness of the husbands, there can be no question whatever. The problem is, of course, largely economic; but numerous factors are concerned in it, and some of these are discussed with considerable frankness. Certain of the opinions expressed by people in the story, such as that "the only way for a woman to get money is by selling herself to a man—either getting married, or the other thing," are as painful as they are sweeping. In the latter part of the book, however, a more hopeful view is taken of life, and the heroine attains happiness by reducing the number and variety of her wants, and leading a simple life in the country with a man whose tastes are akin to her own.

Gerard (Morice). THE COUNTESS OF ZELLE. Odhams [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/ n.

This capital story of the days of Louis XIV. has for its hero Sir Ivor Brooke, a Yorkshireman who serves in France under John Churchill and Marshal Turenne. Brooke is a paladin who was "born too late" and ought to have ridden with Cœur de Lion against the Saracen. Passages in the book recall episodes in Scott. The interest centres in the fortunes of Renée Valerie, a châtelaine in the Rhineland, for whom, regardless of her own inclinations, "Le Grand Monarque" has determined to find a husband strong enough "to guard her and her property." The Englishman, by his valour and horsemanship, wins Renée's affection, and bears her in triumph to his Yorkshire home.

Hay (William). THE ESCAPE OF THE NOTORIOUS SIR WILLIAM HEANS (AND THE MYSTERY OF MR. DAUNT): a romance of Tasmania. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 416 pp., 10/6 n.

See review, p. 622.

Horn (Kate). HANDLEY'S CORNER. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 255 pp., 6/ n.

Molly, otherwise Marietta, the flirtatious heroine, loves a young artilleryman who has come back from the Somme with decorations and a limp; but the lady meets an air-pilot whom the very mildly compromising consequences of a motoring accident oblige her to marry—to prevent ill-natured gossip. The flying man is killed in a crash a few hours after the ceremony; but the artillery captain, of course, is at hand to assuage poor Molly's grief. The story is readable, and the descriptions of a very trying household and its inmates are really amusing.

The Leopard's Leap: a story of Burma. By Boxwallah. Melrose, 1919. 7½ in. 317 pp., 6/ n.

This story of Anglo-Indian life presents the usual picture of whisky drinking and amorous intrigue. The chief interest of the story lies in the account of the inception and progress of a love-affair between a married man and a married woman. The episode where the injured wife slips backward over a precipice is really dramatic, and if the author had always written as directly and forcibly, her book would have been much more interesting than it is.

Marsh (Richard). OUTWITTED. Long [1919]. 7½ in. 320 pp. 7/.

The ingredients of this story consist of a German submarine, a beautiful girl, suborned lighthouse-keepers, and a wonderful English inventor. This last character is adequate to any occasion. The mysterious flickers of the lighthouse light are explained by him as caused by the dropping of flasks containing gas at the absolute zero of temperature. Such a gas has the remarkable property of cutting off all light rays. It is kept in flasks plugged by cotton-wool soaked in a radioactive compound. Yet the English Government refused an invention discovered by this gentleman: it was bought, however, by the more wideawake Germans.

Montfort (Eugène). MON BRIGADIER TRIBOULET. Paris, Société Littéraire de France, 1918. 6½ in. 127 pp. paper, 3 fr. 843.9

Butcher, blacksmith, tavernkeeper, and *père de famille* in civil life, Triboulet preserves the accomplishments of his former days in his military career, glorifying them with the imagination and eloquence of a Gascon. The portrait of the old corporal of cuirassiers is not much more than a silhouette, but it brings out a clear personality. Albert Marquet's line drawings are equally effective.

*Willcocks (Mary Patricia). *THE SLEEPING PARTNER*. Hutchinson [1919]. 8 in. 320 pp., 6/9 n.

Silas Brutton, introspective, self-conscious, suffering from morbid horror of sex and ataxy of the will, is a psychological curio that Henry James would have enjoyed studying. His sex-mania and his preternatural insight make him a literary but not a commercial success as a publisher, in which business his coarse-fibred yet sympathetic brother joins him with comic and tragic results. The book is partly a study of the inner side of publishing, raising the moral issues involved, partly the history of Ned Brutton's marriage and divorce with its sequel, and of Silas Brutton's mental and moral experiences in the rôle of interested spectator of life. All this is woven into a smooth and homogeneous fabric. Miss Willcocks is a disciple of Meredith as well as of James. Hence, perhaps, the lack of substance in Silas and some other characters, who are interesting syntheses of intellectual ideas rather than living creatures. Her clear and nervous style is a delight.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Mary (André), ed. *LE RHIN, HISTORIQUE ET LÉGENDAIRE*: poèmes, contes, récits, extraits de mémoires et voyages, recueillis et publiés avec préface et notes. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. paper, 4fr. 65. 914.34

More catholic in taste than the topographical albums and garlands of nearly a century ago, this collection of Rhine literature contains folk-songs, legends in their primitive dress, excerpts from the ancients and from mediæval writers, and anecdotes, reminiscences, impressions, dissertations, essays and poems from a large number of moderns. The editor is to be congratulated on many of his finds.

Thompson (A. Hamilton). *PARISH HISTORY AND RECORDS* ("Helps for Students of History," 15). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 8d. n. 910
See review, p. 624.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Fletcher (C. R. L.), Walker (Emery), and Bell (C. F.). *HISTORICAL PORTRAITS, 1700-1850: the lives by C. R. L. Fletcher, the portraits by Emery Walker*. With an introduction by C. F. Bell. Part 1 (vol. 3 of the series), 1700-1800. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 10½ in. 311 pp. il., 12/6 n. 920

The introduction to this comely volume is of special interest as a comprehensive review of the progress of oil-painting, pastel, engraved portraiture, miniature painting, the silhouette, caricature, and sculpture, during the period concerned. Included in the large number of admirable reproductions are portraits of George I. and George II., Queen Caroline, William Penn, Henry Fielding, the first Duke of Newcastle, Isaac Watts, Sir Eyre Coote, Francis Atterbury, Sir Richard Arkwright, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, George Romney, Edward Gibbon, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Adequate biographical notes (in numerous instances of considerable length) accompany the pictures.

Wilson (Woodrow).

Low (A. Maurice). *WOODROW WILSON: an interpretation*. Fisher Unwin, 1919. 8 in. 302 pp., 8/6 n. 920

In this study Mr. Low attempts to present the policy of the American President as being, on the whole, the logical working-out of a few fundamental ideas. His analysis is interesting, although rather diffuse. But we consider that he has failed in his main point. His reconciliation of apparent discrepancies does not convince us; we are more disposed to agree with the unilluminating remark of a friend of Mr. Wilson that he is a "mystery." It is unfortunate that Mr. Low's analysis does not include the actions of President Wilson at the Peace Conference: it would have been interesting to see them explained on the general lines adopted by Mr. Low.

930-990 HISTORY.

Andreiev (Leonid). *SAVE OUR SOULS: an appeal to the Allies (Russia's call to humanity)*. Intro. by Prof. P. N. Miliukov. Ed. by the Russian Liberation Committee, and the Union of the Russian Commonwealth. Russian Liberation Committee, 173, Fleet Street, E.C. 4. 8½ in. 28 pp. paper, 6d. 947.08

A powerful and very strongly worded appeal, addressed

to the human race in general, to come to the help of Russia and to deliver the country from the grip of Bolshevism. In Professor Miliukov's introduction it is stated that "Russia—even Socialistic Russia, even the working class, was not with Lenin, but with Kropotkin," and that prominent leaders of Russian Socialism and Anarchism, such as Bourtsev, Alexinsky and George Plekhanov, indignantly protested against the extremist view of affairs expressed by Lenin. But Gorki's paper the *New Life* is considered by the writer of the introduction to be "largely responsible for the change of this initial state of opinion"—an admission which seems to invalidate the appeal.

China. *THE PEACE CONFERENCE: questions for readjustment submitted by China to the Peace Conference (Chinese Delegation)*. Paris, H. L. Motti, 12-13, Impasse Ronsin, 1919. 12½ in. 45 pp. apps. paper. 951

The questions submitted by the Chinese Delegation relate to tariff autonomy; the renunciation of the spheres of influence or interest; the withdrawal of foreign troops and police, as well as of foreign post offices and agencies for wireless and telegraphic communications; the abolition of the consular jurisdiction; relinquishment of the leased territories; and the restoration to China of foreign concessions and settlements.

Hearnshaw (F. J. C.), ed. *SELECT EXTRACTS FROM CHRONICLES AND RECORDS RELATING TO ENGLISH TOWNS IN THE MIDDLE AGES*. Ed., with introduction, notes, and glossary, by F. J. C. Hearnshaw ("Texts for Students," 8). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp. paper, 9d. n. 942.02-03

It is unnecessary to lay stress upon the value of mediæval chronicles and municipal records as fountains of information for persons interested in ecclesiastical and secular history, and this addition to the series of "Helps for Students of History" issued by the S.P.C.K. is acceptable. The excerpts comprise the well-known description of twelfth-century London in William Fitzstephen's introduction to his life of Becket; Roger of Hoveden's account of the massacre of Jews at York, in 1190; part of a charter of Southampton, dated 1341; Matthew Paris's narrative of Archbishop Boniface's visit in 1250 to the Priory of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield; and other notable passages taken from similar documents.

Tilley (Arthur). *THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE* ("Helps for Students of History," 13). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 48 pp. bibliog. paper, 8d. n. 944.02
See review, p. 624.

Tilley (Arthur). *THE FRENCH WARS OF RELIGION* ("Helps for Students of History," 8). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 54 pp. bibliog. paper, 6d. n. 944.02
See review, p. 624.

Wallace (W. Stewart), ed. *THE MASERES LETTERS, 1766-8*. Ed., with an introd., notes, and appendices, by W. Stewart Wallace ("University of Toronto Studies: History and Economics," vol. 3, no. 2). Toronto, Univ. of Toronto Library, 1919. 10 in. 135 pp. apps. ind. \$1. 971.02

The Maseres letters, which refer to a specially interesting period of Canadian history—the "formative stage of British rule"—were found among the Hardwicke correspondence in the British Museum. Written by Francis Maseres, Attorney-General of Quebec from 1766 to 1769, the letters give an exceedingly vivid picture of Canada during the period with which they deal. None of them, it is stated, has ever before been published; and, so far as can be ascertained, these letters have been passed over by every writer on Canadian history. Maseres, who became Treasurer of the Inner Temple, and Deputy Recorder of London, was described by Jeremy Bentham as "one of the most honest lawyers England ever knew"; and while in Canada he "exercised a beneficial restraint on the turbulent and headstrong politics of the English mercantile element in the colony, whose champion in some sense he was." But Maseres's tenure of office as Attorney-General was scarcely happy, to a large extent, it would seem, in consequence of his pronouncedly Huguenot attitude of mind, and the excessive tenacity with which he maintained his opinions.